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RIGHT AND WRONG.

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right!
'Tis hard to watch on a summer's night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

And yet how easily things go right
If the sigh and the kiss of the winter's night
Come deep from the soul in the stronger way
That is born in the light of the winter's day.

And things can never go badly wrong
If the heart be true and the love be strong;
For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain,
Will be changed by love into sunshine again!

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

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CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"THE only thing I can't reconcile with any previous experience, Flip," observed Miss Beton to her little terrier, as she opened her garden gate for him, "is why Catherine should pretend to feel more keenly than any of us the depression in the neighborhood. I hope that her solitude will have done her good, and that she will receive us cheerfully. She seems to have lost all pleasure even in the legacy her grandfather left her, and yet how she rejoiced in and talked about that thousand dollars up to a few days ago!"

Miss Beton's habit was to ring the front bell before she walked into the house, that Catherine might know she had returned; but to-day this familiar summons brought no willing maid to change her boots in the pretty little hall.

"Crying still," thought Miss Beton; "but it will do her good to rouse her."

So she rang the drawing-room bell, and, after five minutes' waiting, rang it again; but no bell was answered, for Catherine, with no sign of tears, was just then eagerly peering along the Bristol platform from a carriage window to an arriving train.

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Through the little crowd surging inquisitively about the door of the Glenorris Arms the girl who was the last of the fine old race passed with Anne and Mr. Redby, the family solicitor. But, instead of entering the room where the interest of the crowd had centred, and from which the sound of voices came, Mr. Redby paused with her just inside a small private room on the other side of the passage.

"We arranged that you should not be detained here longer than necessary, Miss Glenorris," he said, "and, as your evidence is to rebut Mortimor's, we left it as late as possible, he not having yet reached here."

"Perhaps Mr. Lester has come; and then there will be no need of—any evidence."

"Unfortunately, though, he has not, nor can we trace him," said the lawyer gravely. "Now"—with a change of tone, as if broaching a lighter subject—"we will see how things are going. The evidence of those two doctors is rather a lengthy affair. One moment, Miss Glenorris. You will remember that it is unnecessary for you to say one word which can in the faintest degree compromise yourself. Do understand that. As you are so young and fatherless—worse still motherless—I must run the risk of wearying you with reiteration of this entreaty. Do not, in your quixotic generosity and unselfishness, open any valve for the slanderous breath of society even to touch your honored name."

"I will remember my—honored name," She said it straight from her heart, as if the words were a prayer; but not until a day long afterwards did the lawyer know how very different her meaning was from his.

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Mr. Redby had so arranged that the ordeal to Miss Glenorris of attending this inquest should be rendered as brief as possible, and he had no difficulty, for the coroner was as sorry as her solicitor could be that Miss Glenorris had been drawn into this trouble, and the jury to a man would, if they could, have spared her being called before them.

Joy Glenorris felt the atmosphere of kindness and forbearance around her; but even this—and the grateful consciousness that her wishes had been observed, for no friend was there whose presence was not necessary, even Sir Hussay Vickery having respected her reported desire—did not prevent her fancying that she was waiting to be tried for a crime which she knew she must soon confess.

Yet she seemed very calm. There was no hectic color in the delicate young cheeks, no feverish brilliance in the grave gray eyes. She only looked pale and anxious, and a little puzzled, as she waited for the questions, and answered them in a quiet natural way.

She recollected the preceding Thursday morning, and, being asked to do so, described what she had witnessed on entering the sitting-room at the Moat with Doctor Calmady. She had seen, lying folded on the table, the handkerchief which, Doctor Calmady said, must have been fastened tightly over the mouth of deceased to cause death, and she had noticed the chloroform bottle near it, unstoppered. Yes; in spite of the warmth of the room, she would have been aware of the presence of chloroform, even if she had not seen the bottle or handkerchief. Yes; she had heard Doctor Calmady at once state that much force must be used to kill by chloroform, and that the murder could not have been done by deceased, nor beyond any doubt, by the sister, to whom the shock had been so fatal. She had known the two sisters slightly ever since her first coming to Merlswood, but had never met any friend or relative of Miss Porch, nor had she ever heard her mention any friend or relative. No; she was not aware that Miss Porch had any enemy in the neighborhood; but she believed Miss Porch herself considered she had one.

The coroner paused a moment, for there had run through the room that distinct sign of expectation, scarcely more than a breath, which is so apparent, however hastily repressed.

"And who was that assumed enemy, Miss Glenorris?"

"Myself. Miss Porch never liked me, and never looked upon me in any light save that of her enemy."

Mr. Redby shot a vexed glance from beneath his bushy eyebrows; but his young client did not seem to see it.

Would Miss Glenorris object to advance some motive for this feeling in deceased?

"Miss Porch believed," said Joy, disregarding the official word, and answering quite frankly, "that the late Mr. Glenorris had executed a will bequeathing Merlswood away from his own line to a gentleman who had been her father's friend, that this will was hidden somewhere at Merlswood, and that I made no effort to discover it. Therefore she looked upon me as an usurper of the property, and must of course, have disliked me very much. I quite understood her feeling," the girl added calmly, "and I allowed her to thoroughly search Mr. Glenorris's rooms, giving up all the keys to her. But she did not find any will."

"Your housekeeper, Miss Glenorris, has been heard to say—and will no doubt repeat it here to-day—that while you were in town, deceased literally haunted Merlswood. Was that so?"

"I was in town—as you say," returned Joy, gently reminding him.

"She told your servants," resumed the coroner with a smile, "that she had your permission to copy a certain little sketch of Tissot's which hangs in your library?"

"So I have heard," Miss Glenorris said, when she saw an answer expected.

"Did deceased mention to you, Miss Glenorris," demanded the coroner, after a few moments' rather awkward pause, "who would benefit if such a will were found?"

Rather hurriedly Mr. Redby interposed: "There is no secrecy or mystery in this rumor. The late Mr. Glenorris is reported to have made a will in favor of the son of his old friend Andrew Pardy of Torquay and Ashgrove. It has been talked of scores of times; but no one can believe it to be in existence now. If executed at all, it was undoubtedly destroyed by the late Squire."

Considering that in all probability, if there had been such a will made at all, the speaker himself had executed it, there was no remark to add to his.

"Did it strike you, Miss Glenorris, that the deceased had any expectation of personal advantage from this will?"

"She only seemed to desire that justice should be done; and the personal feeling was that Mr. Pardy was a friend of hers and I was not."

A little whispering now between Mr. Redby and the coroner, and a messenger sent from the room. When this messenger brought back word that Mr. Mortimor had not arrived, the deposition he had made at the first inquiry was read over to Miss Glenorris. Mr. Johnson watching her face, forgot to remove his eyes from it until the reading was finished.

"Will you, Miss Glenorris," inquired the coroner suavely, "corroborate this evidence—or impugn it—as far as your personal knowledge and recollection go? You notice that this Mr. Edmond Mortimor saw Mr. Lester leave the Moat at half-past ten o'clock last Wednesday night, and we have been allowed to believe that you have information to give us on this point."

"I recollect Wednesday night quite well" the girl said, in the same clear gentle way. "There was a dance at the Knoll, and I was tired and left early, Mr. Lester accompanying me. We walked across the park, and entered Merlswood through the conservatory, where it was very pleasant in the moonlight. As Mr. Lester did not intend to return to the Knoll, he loitered with me, my cousins still not arriving."

Every one could plainly see Mr. Redby's annoyed frown as he stared straight at the opposite wall: the coroner was so shrewdly noting it that he left it to the foreman of the jury to ask the natural question—

"Will you tell us, Miss Glenorris, at what time Mr. Lester left you?"

"It happens," Miss Glenorris answered, turning her beautiful eyes upon the jury, the young face too pale for any deepening of its pallor, "that a little conversation with my maid has fixed upon my mind—and probably upon hers—the time of my reaching my room. I asked her, as I entered, whether the timepiece was not fast, and she compared it with my watch—lying near—and both were exactly the same, a quarter of eleven. She also told me that it was quite a quarter of an hour since the stable-clock had struck eleven."

"And Mr. Lester remained with you up to that time?"

It was in Anne Kienon's cheeks, not Joy Glenorris's, that the slow dusky color flamed, for Anne was painfully recalling Mr. Redby's urgent warning to her young cousin that she should not in her generosity, say what could throw the faintest breath of reproach upon her honored name.

"I went very slowly from the conservatory to my rooms," the girl said, in the same easy gentle tone—"and it is rather a long distance. It often takes me quite five minutes."

"You are aware, Miss Glenorris, that what you have told us contradicts the evidence of this witness, that he saw Mr. Lester leave the Moat at half-past ten?"

"I quite understand."

"We have been informed that you believe this man's name not to be Mortimor."

"Yes; but that I cannot assert until I have seen him."

"Have you any reason to suppose, Miss Glenorris," inquired one of the jury, while the coroner appeared to be again sending a messenger from the room, "that Mr. Lester had any motive for resenting the efforts deceased made to discover a will of the late Squire's?"

"I never heard—he has never to me alluded to the will in any way; and I have seen him with Miss Porch. As I told Doctor Calmady, I saw her walking beside him in my own park last Tuesday, and then it was that she had that white silk handkerchief—knotted round her throat. The air was chilly, and I am persuaded he had lent it to Miss Porch, and that it remained with her."

Even Mr. Redby could not quite suppress his half-sarcastic professional smile—it signified so very little what this girl was persuaded to the truth!

"It was in the Merlswood grounds you saw Mr. Lester and Miss Porch together?"

"Crossing the park towards the Moat—and the Glen Farm."

"I believe that portion of your park is not open to the public, Miss Glenorris?"

"It has always been open to my tenants at the Moat."

"And to Mr. Lester?"

"And to him," she answered, with a strange darkening of the lovely eyes.

"And you feel fully persuaded, you say, Miss Glenorris," asked the coroner, clearing his throat to gain time, while there was much whispering among the jury, "that Mr. Lester lent his handkerchief to deceased twenty-four hours at least before the earliest period at which the murder could have been committed, Bridget Macinney having left deceased and her sister together in the garden of their cottage at nine o'clock on that Wednesday evening?"

"I am fully persuaded," she said, repeating her words a little proudly, "that that is what will be proved on Mr. Lester's return."

"Thank you," said the coroner, with quite evident disregard for this expression of her opinion; then, after another little whispered colloquy—"We will not trouble you further, Miss Glenorris."

"This evidence rebuts that of the absent witness as to Mr. Lester's being at the Moat at half-past ten," observed one juror to another; while the coroner went forward politely to assure Miss Glenorris that she should not be detained longer in expectation of Mr. Mortimor's arrival.

"Yes; but, after all, I do not consider anything very clearly established to overthrow what has gone before," was the reflective rejoinder. "Things still look ugly against Mr. Lester; and did not Mortimor frankly acknowledge in his evidence that his watch may have been wrong?"

"But now is to come the evidence of Sister Alice from Miss Glenorris's cottage-hospital. She has told Doctor Calmady, since last time we sat, that she was that night looking out in the moonlight when

Mr. Mortimor passed into Eastmouth from the cliff-path. She knows the exact hour, because she had only sat down at the window to spend the last ten minutes to eleven, at which hour she had to give medicine to her patient and settle him for the night. She had just watched Mortimor out of sight when it was the hour, and she rose to give the medicine. Now it stands to reason that she could not have seen him return from Eastmouth at eleven if he stood watching Mr. Lester leave the Moat half an hour—we must allow that time—after his parting with Miss Glenorris at Merlswood at quarter-past eleven. No, the Sister's assertion corroborates Mortimor's own. And yet there certainly seems a strong doubt thrown upon it. I trust the man will come in time to be cross-examined to-day, especially if he is personating another man."

Sister Alice had come forward then to give her evidence, and Joy Glenorris had left the crowded room; but she would not follow the urgent advice of Mr. Redby and Anne and drive home—no, she would wait within call until Mortimor's arrival, she said. So Mr. Johnson secured a private room in the little inn, and she sat looking along the road that led to Eastmouth and the railway-station, while faithful Anne remained near her, too distrustful to herself to feel that her words could either amuse or interest, and pondering, in her rather circumscribed straightforward thoughts, what could cause this great bewilderment of her cousin's. The poor murdered girl had been no friend of hers; and had she not positively disliked the man on whom they had laid the grip of such a horrible suspicion? Surely she must feel it a blessing beyond words for her that she had so disliked him.

"Joy"—very suddenly Anne Kienon spoke, leaning forward and laying one cool sturdy hand upon her cousin's—"suppose—just for one instant try to suppose, dear—that you had loved Gervys Lester. It must cheer you to imagine what it would be if they had laid this terrible accusation upon—one you loved. It would make the whole world seem different, if—supposing he were all the world to you, as a man is to a woman who loves him."

"Oh, but I hope, Anne," said Joy, gently stroking the hand she held, while she kept her eyes averted from her cousin's face, "that neither to you nor to me will any one man be all the world!"

"But," faltered Anne, the color recoiling slowly from her dark cheeks, "you understand what I mean?"

"Oh, yes," Joy answered very readily, "I understand! You are quite right. It could give no one any happiness to love Gervys Lester, and, while I feel so comfortably sure that you whom I love have too much sense to do so, what can make me wretched about him—even to-day?"

Joy kept her eyes still averted, so that she did not see how her concealment of any consciousness of Anne's suffering brought relief to the proud unhappy reticent nature; but, while the words were almost untruthful, the long tender pitiful thought in her heart was almost a prayer.

"I!"

The single word was coldly ironical, yet, as it passed the thin firm lips, it whitened them almost like death.

"I should not be so mad," she added stiffly, in the great effort that she made.

"We know him to be innocent of this nameless crime, Anne—you and I," said Joy, still stroking the hand she held, and looking out with brave steadfast eyes—"and if it has not been proved to-day by what I said—unhappily none of the faces there showed me quite that it was proved—still I can prove it by confronting the man who—has lied."

"Yes," said Anne mechanically, so grateful that Joy still watched the road, though as unconscious as she was herself that it was not for Mortimor that she watched with such strong hope.

Presently the silence of the room was broken by a gentle tap upon the door and the quiet entrance of Mr. Norman Pardy. His manner to Joy had all day been so unobtrusive and thoughtful, even soothing, that she gave him a smile when he came and stood opposite to her at the window, the sunlight touching his long silky hair.

"I am beginning to feel uneasy, Miss Glenorris, about the non-arrival of this Mr. Mortimor," he said, resting his chin on the knuckles of his right hand, and with his left supporting his elbow; "we must have the inquest once more adjourned, as poor Lester should have every chance given him. The irritating fact to us who are his friends is his own mysterious absence at this all-important crisis."

"Yes; we would rather have him here," said the girl quietly.

"Ah!"

Mr. Pardy looked from the window, with a start which might have seemed to Joy exaggerated and suspicious, had she not been too deep in thought to notice it.

"The sound of wheels gives me a revival of hope; and here is certainly a cab from the station."

Suppressing any evidence of her own great emotion, Joy listened while the vehicle drew up at the door below her, and listened still, without uttering a word, until Mr. Redby entered the room. But he came in quite composedly and announced no arrival.

"Miss Glenorris," he said, "the inquest is over for to-day, and your carriage is just being brought round. Will you allow me to return with you to Merlswood?"

"But Mr. Redby," exclaimed Norman Pardy, while Joy's smile was sufficient reply to the old lawyer, "pray do not keep us in ignorance, for I am sure Miss Glenorris would prefer anything rather than suspense. Surely that cab brought the witness whose narrative we are all so eager to overthrow?"

"No," said the old lawyer briefly.

But Norman's words had served their purpose; and, when Miss Glenorris begged Mr. Redby to tell her whatever there might be to hear, he knew he could not refuse her without being less kind than he had meant to be by his silence.

"The cab brought only a telegraph-messenger," he said; "for the telegram had to be forwarded immediately to the coroner. It purports to be sent by a friend of Mortimor's, and tells us that a few days ago he sailed with his wife from Liverpool."

"What a pity! What a blunder!" cried Mr. Pardy, pacing the floor with an elaborate frown on his handsome face. "Who has committed it? Who has bought the man off?"

"I scarcely understand you," returned Mr. Redby.

"Then I may hope I am wrong!" exclaimed Norman, standing still, and gazing at the old man with an almost rapturous smile. "He is a hero to have voluntarily taken himself safely out of the way before this inquest. Is he not, Miss Glenorris? And shall we not all feel grateful to him?"

"Miss Glenorris," pleaded Mr. Redby, "do me the favor of coming to your carriage."

"But Miss Glenorris may, like myself, be anxious for a little further information, Mr. Redby," suggested Norman, with a courteous bow to Joy. "Why should you decline to accord it? Does not the man's friend mention his destination?"

"No."

"Nor the name of the vessel, nor the date of sailing?"

"No, sir."

"Is it possible all these particulars are withheld?"

"For the exact words I must refer you to the coroner, Mr. Pardy."

"Then may we feel assured," smiled Mr. Pardy, as if the assurance would give him a gentle transport of delight, "that it is not through the generous provision of a man whom Mortimor's presence here at this time would seriously injure that he is enabled so conveniently to take himself out of the way with his wife, regardless of expense at this exact crisis?"

For a moment the old lawyer scrutinized the young man's cold refined face before he asked—

"Why should you supply these particulars?"

"The man's presence at this inquest would be fatal to Mr. Lester," observed Norman pleasantly; "so you may judge what a relief it is to us—who are Lester's acquaintances, if not his friends—to be assured that he is too noble to have arranged this very opportune disappearance."

"Suppose we say departure instead of disappearance!" suggested the lawyer very drily.

"Mr. Redby," spoke Anne Kienon, with a very stiff look in her firm-set mouth and chin, "will this be prejudicial to Mr. Lester? Will it turn public opinion against him?"

"Oh, there's no answering for public opinion at any time!" declared the old man, with a laugh, taking up Joy's hand to place within his arm.

"Who," asked Joy, her voice sounding very low after Mr. Pardy's almost jubilant utterance, "is this man's wife?"

"The always much-to-be-pitied wife of a rascal, I should say," replied Mr. Redby lightly.

"I understand you, Miss Glenorris; I generally do," put in Norman Pardy, with a reassuring smile straight into her troubled eyes. "Do not fear. He has not won Miss Mary Beton, for less than an hour ago she was questioning me as to Doctor Calmady's evidence that it is possible for a lengthened time to keep chloroform in a stoppered bottle, and was arguing as to whether the sense of suffocation does really always cause a struggle."

"And was she grateful to you," inquired Joy, her cold direct gaze meeting his smiling one as she stood against the heavy table in the centre of the ugly room, "that you could set her right on every point?"

"She was far too grateful for the trifling information I could give her," Norman answered, so politely that it was little wonder the girl hated herself for not feeling kind to one who seemed so kind to every one.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG the green lawns and pleasaunce of Merlswood there lay in a dig of the hilly park a certain sheltered old garden, which was a favorite retreat of its young mistress—a square quaint nook which for hundreds of years had been called the Dame's Garden. And here, in the twilight of that evening, Anne found her cousin among the brilliant, sweet old-fashioned flowers, pacing the velvety green paths, while the high prim laurel hedge shut her from the view of any one in the park. Anne paused a moment, gazing with her loving artist-eyes, and thinking how prettily the young white figure fitted the fragrant, quaint, and beautiful old place.

"I fancied you would be here, Joy," she said shyly. "Mr. Redby caught his train, for I waited till Eddowes returned that I might hear. He was anxious to be in town wasn't he, that he might assure himself about this man and let no other clue be lost by delay; but Mr. Johnson thinks he may soon be down again, though—any clue seems so hopeless now," said Anne plucking a spray of yellow barberry and holding it against her lips, which were a little less firm than usual to-day, though scarcely less pale.

"Anne," asked her cousin, as the two girls walked on together, "what else did Mr. Jonson say after Mr. Redby had gone and I had come away?"

"Very little," replied Miss Kienon, without raising her eyes from the bank of pinks they passed whose delicious perfume kissed, on its way to them, the sweet pink lips of the homely china roses which come to us so soon and linger so late. "As he had detected so quickly that you didn't wish the subject discussed at dinner, he was keeping the same reserve, until—Kate made him talk of it. But I'm delighted to say," added Miss Kienon, almost briskly, "that he made her feel you had behaved splendidly, in keeping the conversation so pleasant, and steering clear of—of anything sorrowful and inexplicable. 'It was our duty,' said Kate, 'to have combined to probe this matter to the bottom.' 'But a higher duty still to satisfy our hunger,' Mr. Johnson said, as impressively as if he felt what he said. Joy"—haltingly, as she drew her fingers gently among the blossoms, hued and striped with every dainty tint, of a hedge of tall sweet-peas—"I do not think Mr. Johnson considers there is any truth in that Mr. Mortimor's affidavit."

"Truth in that!" echoed Joy; and in a moment the lovely gentle eyes were aflame. "No; the truth is what we have to hear when Gervys Lester comes."

"Even you, Joy, who do not like him, rebel against this monstrous allegation. How it proves what Mr. Meredith and the Nelsons have often said about his possessing an unusual influence!"

"What is influence?" asked Joy absently as she watched a beautiful red butterfly dart in to feed among the ivy blossoms; for the girls had come to a wall that separated the Dame's Garden from an apple-orchard.

"As if I could explain that!" said Anne. "I only know it belongs to a man, and cannot be acquired any more than this fuchsia can win the scent of that sweet old cabbage-rose opposite. I say that," added Miss Kienon, a little sadly, "because some people are so entirely without it."

"Then," said the younger girl quietly, as she looked up among the apple trees, their gnarled old limbs made beautiful by lichens gray and green and golden, "when he comes home and tells the truth, there will not be a single person who will not be ashamed of what he has dared for one hour to think possible."

"If only," Anne began, and then broke down, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

"If only what?" her cousin asked very gently, one arm round Anne's sturdy form, one hand upon her cheek, and meeting the tearful gaze with "large sweet asking eyes."

"If only he hadn't gone away and given this man and woman money to disappear; though I know—we all must know—he only gave it generously."

"He never gave it!" said the younger girl, her eyes darkening in their flash of scorn, as gray eyes will. "He bribe a man—and a man whom he despises! Oh, Anne"—with a sudden sorrow which Anne could never have understood—"I am so grieved that you have the pain of such a thought!"

"But the letter to Miss Beton makes it so different."

"The letter to Miss Beton?" repeated Joy. "What is that?"

"A letter Miss Beton found at home this evening; Eddowes brought us word. Somebody told Mr. Redby of it at the station. Mr. Johnson hadn't heard before; but I thought perhaps you knew, as she is so fond of you, and declares she saw what she calls Miss Beton's hideous bonnet this evening lurking about the park."

"Let them come, Anne," said her cousin, as she watched Miss Kienon trying in vain to gulp down her tears. "I've often thought there is nothing so hard to swallow as a tear. Let them come, dear. Don't tell me yet about the letter to Miss Beton."

"I don't know—exactly about it," said Anne, dashing away the tears, and falling back into her old self-restraint; "but it was her servant whom the man married and took with him, and she has written to Miss Beton—days ago, though the letter has just arrived—and told her their passage was paid by a gentleman who wanted them out of the way, else she should have returned for her boxes.

There was silence for a few minutes; then Joy announced, very calmly—

"I am going to see Miss Beton, Anne. It will be light enough. Will you send Keats for me? He can wait in her garden till I join him. I had better go alone, as I generally go there alone. This must be for her a—a heavy humiliation."

"But I may walk with you a little way?" asked Anne, conscious how having never sought Miss Beton of her own accord, she had no right to seek her now.

"Thank you, Anne, tell me"—hurrying along the smooth green paths—"what does this mean, as you—as the world will see it?"

"So much depends," began Miss Kienon, with an ambiguity totally devoid of expression, and so slowly that by that time they had reached an arch cut in the laurel hedge, and she stopped, lifting both hands to her tear-wet cheeks, and muttering that she would send Keats to Rose Cottage at once. Then she stood watching her cousin run on lightly out of her sight.

"She will cross the green ride, and be at Rose Cottage in a few minutes," said Anne to herself, as she turned back, "and that little wrap is quite sufficient; but Keats shall take a cloak."

* * * * *

The butler's majestic figure had grown blurred and dim beside the gate of Rose Cottage when his young mistress rose to leave, having vainly searched that letter for any hidden light, and having heard all the pitiful little incidents which Miss Beton narrated of the falseness which now she read so plainly in the character of her late lover, and the deception that had been practiced upon her by a maid to whom she had been ever kind.

"To think," she gasped, "that he had even warned me against her, telling me he never could trust steel-colored eyes and barley-sugar hair!"

"I'm glad he cannot trust them," said the girl hotly; "he does not deserve that he should be able to trust his wife!"

"But he will not care, my dear. Her thousand dollars and her savings; and I'm quite sure now that that was all he wanted, as he could not have—— Oh, Miss Glenorris, when I think of what I might have done—what I perhaps should have done—but for your scorn of him! It seemed so natural a scorn that I knew it could not be unfair; and"—going back to the little worries, while she was so brave to bear this keen mortification and the many troubles that she knew it must bring in its train, and not to be embittered by them—"he used to speak of servants always as a race too inferior to waste a thought upon. I did not like it—I did not call it gentlemanly. Then he tried to leave it off, as he said he tried to leave off everything I disapproved, and I was trying hard to think well of him. I really tried, always remembering how 'to evil sinks who evil thinks.' Are you really going dear?"—wistfully detaining the sweet young presence in her lonely room. "How kind it was of you to come!"

"I was obliged to come, if only to tell you how glad I am that you have not changed that pretty name of yours," said Joy, smiling as if she had no sorrow of her own. "You are still one of the Queen's Marys."

"My dear, that Mary Beaton was—beautiful."

"And don't you think, after all, that beauty is a mere matter of opinion?"

"No," was the reply, swift and brief and confident as Miss Beton looked into the beautiful eyes; but, after a few moments' gaze, she turned away nervously. "I have made your eyes dim with my long dull narratives," she said a little brokenly. "I—never thought before—they could hold such sadness—even in sympathy. Now, my dear, good-bye—good-bye! Don't fret for me. I'm filled with gratitude for my own wonderful escape, and I have great hope of tracing those two and getting the truth from him. Lie quiet, Flip! He is a little out of temper, my dear. I went to Merlswood this evening, and of course I would not take him. He always keeps my slippers close to him when I am necessarily away; but he is offended with me now because he considers there was no valid reason for my not taking him, so he will not let me have them at all. That is the way he shows me he is virtuously offended."

For a few minutes Joy held the hand Miss Beton gave her; then she took up the other; then she kissed the gentle harassed face—it was such a brave tender heart and such a lonely home and life!

"Oh, how thankful I feel," the girl said, in untold earnestness, "that it is not you who will have to live through the slow hard years of repentance and regret which that man's wife must spend!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT is the last course of conduct any one could have conceived possible in a Glenorris," observed Mrs. Fears-Kienon, in a gently-modulated tone, while her mother blandly took up her intended cue, and spoke to Joy—

"I begin to fear, my dear young cousin, that I have lamentably failed in my duty. At your age you cannot be expected to know the world as I do; therefore I am solely to blame for not placing matters before you with sufficient force. Your ignorance of the world is in a measure to be envied, for it prevents your suffering acutely as we do in this present most extraordinary and embarrassing emergency—just as it prevented your feeling any keen and suddenly remorse over that most singular confession of yours in a public room. As a girl, I could never have held up my head after coolly assuring an assembly of common men that had I detained with me in my conservatory until nearly midnight a gentleman who was almost a stranger? Oh, no—never! Is it not to be regretted that my daughter and I"—Anne was never counted in Mrs. Kienon's family calculation—"who did nothing to bring this objectionable notoriety upon ourselves, should have become associated in the degredation? I think, dear, you should consider our feelings in this matter."

"I do. How could I help it when you show them to me so often?"

"You make that a cruel necessity, dear. There is only one refined method of eluding all the unpleasant consequences of your fault—I will say misfortune, for I am not hard upon your impulsiveness, as others are. We will go abroad, and forget the odious publicity you have drawn upon us through conduct which is, to say the least, absurd, my dear."

"But are you not too much accustomed to absurdity from me for it to surprise you?" inquired Joy. "You call most of my actions absurd."

"My daughter and I are not answerable for the misadventure which has rendered

this place utterly obnoxious to us," continued Mrs. Kienon, always unmoved until it suited her to be so, "and therefore you have no right to detain us here against our will, just because you are so constituted as not to suffer from these things."

"But I don't keep you," said Joy, with a little pucker in the delicate eyebrows. "Go just when you please—though I feel sure you will do that."

"Then will you, dear," queried Mrs. Fears-Kienon, too persistent in pursuit of her own desire to resent anything, "arrange that we shall at once, go abroad, and stay until this intensely odious event has ceased to be a topic of discussion?"

"You go," said the girl, with an honest frank glance from one to the other—"I would rather you went; but, for myself, I would rather stay here; and perhaps"—a little tremulously—"Anne will stay with me."

"Anne knows her place is with her mother and sister in any case," observed Mrs. Fears-Kienon; "and I very much doubt whether all those people who have professed themselves themselves your friends, here and in town, will continue their friendship to you after that confession of yours. You got mixed up in this revolting business simply through your own officiousness. You publicly revealed your flirting propensities, and now you desire to be associated in further horrible revelations."

"No," said the girl, keeping her patience by a brave effort; "but I do not care to go away, though you can do so."

"You are safe in saying we may go," remarked Kate, with her well-executed shrug, "for you are perfectly aware that we are not so selfish as to leave you alone, though of course your permission gives you, in your own mind, the plausible sensation of having considered our welfare before your own. The opposite idea would never occur to you, would it, dear? That would be too uncomfortable."

"If you utter any more of those cold innuendoes to me, however cleverly you cloak them, as you always do," said the girl, with the quick, stormy light in her eyes, "I will insist upon your going from Merlswood and never returning to it. I beg you to understand that, Mrs. Fears-Kienon!"

"I should deem myself very remiss," Mrs. Kienon interposed, in her usually skilful manner, "if I withdrew my guardianship and allowed my daughter to withdraw her companionship from you at such a juncture as this. You are even capable of bringing such a person as that Miss Beton here."

"Mrs. Kienon, please to remember that Miss Beton was a real friend of the Squire's, whose name you so often beg me to reverence. Though her means are smaller than mine, she is a lady, and, as I am proud to consider her my friend, I warn you not to hold her up to scorn in my presence."

"It is mamma's affectionate solicitude for you, Joy dear, that makes her speak so," said Kate, with the ready severance of the lips which did duty for a smile. "Your love for this home—which, by the way, was our home before it was yours—is but natural, as its novelty cannot yet have worn away for you. But you will, I trust, for once let prudence dictate your actions, and leave the neighborhood in which you have acquired a most disagreeable notoriety."

"No; I have no wish at all to be anywhere but here."

"That, of course, is conclusive," said the younger matron, with slowly-lifted brows. "But I almost wonder that you do not feel, dear, that it is well for us all to conform to the wishes of others sometimes—even if only very rarely—and not devote our whole lives to the carrying out of our own!"

"I see," returned Joy, with quiet drollery. "Then you like to give up the carrying out of your own wish to leave Devonshire, and conform to mine—even if only rarely."

"I might have known," said Mrs. Fears-Kienon, turning away to hide her face, "that it would be a hopeless task to instil one's own notions of right and wrong into another's nature. I really am not equal to the task. I leave it all to your own conscience."

"Thank you, Kate; that will save trouble any argument. You understand that I wish you to do as you please."

"We prefer now—as heretofore—pleasing you, rather than ourselves," said Mrs. Fears-Kienon, avoiding her young cousin's clear, frank gaze, as she felt that her defeat was rousing her from her habitual serenity. "You know that, by remaining here yourself, you tie us here too; but evidently you are content to feel that. I really do not know why we should have expected you to consider us. It is far better never to expect any return from those to whom one has been kind. I do not see why a person who never has let consideration for others move her a hair's-breadth should suddenly change under my influence."

"Nor do I, indeed!" responded Joy sincerely.

"What power should my notions of what is seemly have to change a nature such as yours?"

"None—at least I hope not. And, Kate," said the girl, very pale and grave now, her lips a little tremulous over the pretty white teeth, "I would rather that you went away quite independent of me. I would rather. I want you to see that I am in earnest and mean this, because you always pretend that I mean only exactly what you choose that I should mean."

One swift significant glance passed between mother and daughter; then Mrs. Fears-Kienon turned to her young cousin, and laid one indolent well-formed hand upon her shoulder, showing no consciousness of its prompt and gentle dislodgment.

"Try as one will, it seems one never can be prepared, Joy dear, for what you may say, or do, or imagine. We only desire to convince you how entirely your interest is ours. Our sole motive for urging a journey abroad is to lure you away from a place where we see you are temporarily unappreciated, and put a termination to reports which are to your detriment—to no one else's, dear, of course, for are we not old married women? As you will not think for yourself, we must think for you; and presently, no doubt, you will see things as we do, and be grateful to mamma——"

The speech died off unfinished. What use was there in haranguing only the mother whose mind was one with the speaker's? For Joy Glenorris had left the room.

Again and again, as the slow weeks passed by, Mrs. Kienon and her daughter renewed their efforts to induce Joy to leave England, but warily now, fearing to lose their hold of Merlswood, or to weaken their dominion over its young mistress. To their anxious minds the girl seemed to be developing a new firmness of purpose, which, though very quiet, struck them as dangerous. And they detected other changes too, which they could not comprehend, and which perplexed them.

Even Anne, trying so affectionately to understand her young cousin's feelings, failed to account for her constantly varying moods. Perhaps only a few minutes after she had been merrily singing about the old house, and making even the gravest laugh with her, Anne would find her slowly pacing the Dane's Garden or the old tapestry-room, her fingers locked with an intensity of self-repression positively painful to witness. At another time, just as Anne had sorrowfully assured herself Joy had lost all that pleasant interest she used to evince in her home and its surroundings, the girl was exhibiting a fresh, childish, almost exultant delight in the veriest trifle; and now and then, just as Miss Kienon had decided that her cousin's appreciation of society—lately so keen—was utterly dead, Joy was devising new pleasures and eagerly anticipating fresh diversions.

From each sad mood a word would rouse her, as if she were ashamed of the depth of thought no one could fathom; and always for Anne there would be a cheery word and smile, just as if she felt—poor Joy!—that Anne's was the only heartache which had any claim to sympathy. Suffering, in some unacknowledged, undefined way, Anne Kienon knew the girl to be, but why or how it was beyond Anne's power to divine, for neither that scene she had witnessed at the Moat nor uncertainty regarding an acquaintance whom she had always openly disliked could, in Anne Kienon's logical straightforward mind, account for it. To question her cousin as to this seemed impossible; and indeed no sooner had she time to feel certain that the lovely eyes had a far-off, sorrowful gaze in them than Joy was just her old self again, too gentle for any one to distrust the high spirits, too debonair for any one to mistake the gentleness for apathy.

When walking alone, Joy still found her steps constantly directed, without, as it were, volition of her own, towards the little empty house upon the cliffs; but now she resolutely turned aside, going instead either to the cottage-hospital, where she would sit for hours beside a sick child, singing to it, telling it stories, and amusing it with the toys she herself had provided, or to see how work progressed at the pleasant house upon the downs which she was building as a rest for tired working-women.

And the girl had time at present for these solitary rests and rambles, for there was a sort of lull in all festivities, through a feeling of real, though undiscussed sympathy. To who had called Gervys Lester friend, it seemed natural to be quietly waiting until he should return to clear the air of that poisoned whisper—no one knew from what lips first breathed—that he had bought off the man who could have hanged him.

Indefatigably the girls at the Knoll tried to keep up the old cheerfulness, and kill that ugly suspicion which, in spite of all efforts, was fed and strengthened by Lester's absence; and certainly Joy's happiest hours were spent with them, though at that time she fancied she was most content to be alone. If the confidence so frankly expressed at the Knoll that Gervys Lester would soon come back grew less strong as time crept on, there was no evidence of it, even though his absence now had dragged through four long weeks.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I DON'T believe Sir Hussay Vickery bestows a thought worth having on any one in the county except you, Miss Glenorris; and I know he has made his mother give this ball to-night merely to get you to Combe Castle again. Yet you say you have declined! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"You," said Joy demurely.

Young Nelson, holding her racquet as well as his own, in the hope of inducing her to play a game with him alone, now that the pleasant little diversion of tea was at an end, stood looking down upon her, his tall, broad, young figure between her lowered eyes and the lowering sun. His eye was critically experienced in the details of a lady's costume, and here was very simple: yet he thought no dress that he had ever seen could equal her white flannel, with peeps of rich geranium silk showing slightly and fitfully among the folds and pleats.

"In Sir Hussay's disappointment I can sympathise most heartily," he said, his eyes fixed upon the pair of tiny crossed racquets embroidered on her shoulder; "but it is for myself I feel most, for I have to go."

"So have I," the girl said placidly, as she took some sprays of geranium from the little tea-table, quizzically matched one to the color of her bright silk belt, and fixed it in. "Lady Vickery declined to accept my refusal."

"Well done, Lady Vickery!" cried Laurence delightedly. "And you cannot elude us all and go home before the evening is half over, as you did from our place on Leo's wedding-day. Never before or since, Miss Glenorris, have I regretted the nearness of the Knoll to Merlswood."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WATER.—The most delicious water of our best springs is impure. Even the rain-drop which has never touched anything but the air through which it falls, is not pure water. Pure water is not to be found in nature. It found at all it is in the laboratory of the chemist, who has obtained it through artificial means.

The sunbeam lifts the vapors from the ocean and the lakes, and allows them to collect in the clouds. No impurity rises with them. Then the storm cloud gathers and pours the rain upon the earth; it hides in the soil and seeks out every crevice of the rocks, but at length it shows itself in some cool, shady place, sparkling spring. Why should it be impure? What are its impurities? We shall see.

Let us take a glass jar and fill it nearly full of water, limpid and colorless. Let us cover it with a piece of thin muslin and bind the muslin cover in its place by means of a piece of string. Let us put a spoonful of cochineal, finely crushed, upon the muslin cover, and then let us pour slowly upon it some clear spring water. Very soon the water trickles through the muslin cover and falls into the well below. But, behold, it is no longer colorless; it falls in a crimson stream, and spreads its own beautiful color throughout the water into which it falls. What has happened?

The water in passing through the cochineal broke up each little particle of that substance into pieces, perhaps a thousand times smaller than they were before. These little pieces are so scatted through the water that, while not one of them can be seen, the multitude of them gives a crimson color to every part. In a word, the red water is a solution of the cochineal.

A vast number of solid bodies are more or less soluble in water. Only let this liquid touch them and they enter it in solution. Some of these give it color as the cochineal did; others give no visible signs of their presence. The most colorless water may contain a great number and a great quantity of these dissolved impurities.

"JOIN AT ONCE!"—A young sub-lieutenant left his regiment on sick-leave and put up at the best hotel not a hundred miles away where he was immediately smitten by the attractions of a lovely maiden who was staying there. He proposed, was accepted, and the happy day fixed.

The colonel, however, disapproved of sub-lieutenants getting married, and particularly of the "sub" in question. As he happened to be a friend of the young man's father, he thought to prevent the union of the fond couple by sending a peremptory telegram couched in the following words:—

"Join at once!"

The son of Mars was in despair. He presented himself before his intended with the fatal missive in his hand and anything but a look of pleasure on his countenance; but the lady was equal to the occasion. With a blush of maidenly simplicity and virgin innocence, she cast her eyes on the ground and remarked—

"Dear me, I'm glad your colonel approves of the match! But what a hurry he is in! I don't think I can get ready so soon; but I'll do my best, because of course, love, the command of your colonel must be obeyed."

The young warrior was puzzled.

"Don't you see, my darling," he said, "that this confounded message puts a stopper on our plans? You don't seem to understand the telegram. He says, peremptorily, 'Join at once!'"

The lady's blushes redoubled; but, with a look of arch simplicity, she raised her lovely eyes to her *fiance*, and replied—

"It is you, my darling, who don't seem to understand it. Your colonel says plainly, 'Join at once!'—by which, of course, he means get married immediately. What else can he possibly mean?"

A look of intelligence replaced the air of bewilderment on the young hero's classic features; he accepted the explanation, and was enabled to answer the colonel's telegram forty-eight hours afterwards in these words—"Your orders are obeyed. We were joined at once!"

NEIGHBORLY GRIEVANCES. — There lived, at one time, in a fashionable quarter of Dublin, an eminent lawyer, who afterwards came to occupy a position on the judicial bench. He was a man of high professional attainments, but a testy and irritable temper.

His next-door neighbor was a retired major noted for the eccentricity of his habits. Between the two there was anything but friendly feeling, and they did all in their power to annoy and harass each other.

One night, memorable in Ireland as "the night of the great storm," the major's chimneys were blown down. Crash they went through the roof of the lawyer's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in their course.

The man of law was in no good humor as he contemplated the destruction; and what made matters worse was that it was the major's chimney that had occasioned the wreck.

His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch-enemy when a missive arrived from the latter, couched as follows:—

"Send me back my bricks immediately, or I'll place the matter in the hands of my lawyer!"

Bric-a-Brac.

ITS LENGTH.—"A Sabbath Day's Journey," with the Jews, was not to exceed the distance between the Ark and the extreme end of the camp. This was 2,000 cubits or 3,648 feet beyond the city wall—in round numbers equal nearly to an English mile.

MAN AND HIS TRADE.—Philip Armour, of Chicago, packs pork for business and buys books for pleasure. And a Russian prince in Paris works nights as a city scavenger in order to pay his way while he studies. You can't always gauge a man by his trade.

HIS LEFT LEG.—A young Englishman has insured his whole body against accident except his left leg, which no company will now insure, as he is subject to sudden weakness in this limb, and it has been the cause of much loss to companies. If he has a fall through this faulty member he will be unable to recover any amount from the companies in whose office his body is insured.

THE MOLE.—Shakspeare speaks of the blind mole, but the sweet bard of Avon is incorrect. The mole is not blind, but his eyes are exceedingly small. If any person wants to find out this for himself, he must first hold his mole, which is no joke, for they bite like fiends and scratch with their fore-paws like wild-cats; then, by blowing away the fur, a small black speck appears, which is the eye.

MEASURING EGGS.—In the great market of Paris, the egg-dealers assort the eggs according to their size by passing them through rings, which, like all other measures have to be stamped. These rings have a diameter of thirty-eight and forty millimetres, and eggs which do not go through the larger ring are first quality; those which go through the first, but not through the second, are second; and all others which go through the second are third quality.

AN ADDING MACHINE.—An ingenious adding machine has been patented by a man in Eldorado, Kan. By means of a little crank, the handle of which moves hands over three dials, columns of figures are accurately and rapidly added up. One of the dials represents units up to 100, another up to 1000, and a third to 10,000. The invention covers a novel construction and combination of mechanism. To the average accountant the machine is expected to save trouble.

BREAD FROM GRASS.—On the western coast of England grows a sort of sea-grass which is made into something like bread. In the main it is gathered by women; they then wash it, and pluck all other plants carefully from it. After this it is boiled for some two hours; then the mass is cut in pieces with knives and kneaded into loaves. Oatmeal is then strewed over it to give it greater cohesion and a more inviting appearance, and then it is baked. It keeps in summer for four days and in winter for eight. Many women on the coast of Devonshire earn their living by selling this bread, and most of it is sent to Swansea, where it is much liked by the poorer classes.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.—The etiquette of the Spanish Court was formerly the most severe of any of Europe. One of their kings fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood, that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise, nor a common domestic to enter. At length the Marquis de Polar, who was chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forbade his interference; and the Duke of Uzeda, master of the household, was sent for. He was gone out, and the flame increased; while the King, rather than violate his dignity, bore it patiently. But his blood was so heated, that the next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared, and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

ORIGINAL USE OF STEEPLES.—In speaking of the usefulness of church steeples, we would not have it understood that their only use has been in connection with the bells. Along the English coast there can be no doubt that they were often used as beacons before the introduction of light houses. In Norfolk, a lofty steeple—alas! too near the ever-grasping waves—has had its steps well-nigh worn away by the continual traffic to its summit. We all read, too, how "broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane," when the country became alarmed at the approach of the Spanish Armada. Nowadays our steeples are made to serve more utilitarian purposes in carrying vanes, weathercocks and flagstaffs. Although very rarely indeed met with in the churches themselves, ancient fire-places are by no means uncommon in steeples. They are usually on the first floor, and have flues going to the top in the thickness of the wall. It has never been satisfactorily proved for whose use they could have been intended. Some have supposed that such towers as have them must at some time or other have been watch-towers; but in remote inland districts it seems more reasonable to suppose that recluses dwelt in such places.

BEYOND THE SEA.

BY J. D. K.

The glittering waves are sobbing to-night
A sorrowful dirge to me;
For he whom I love as but once we love
Lies buried beyond the sea.

I sit by the shore and eagerly watch
The ships that are sailing in,
Thinking perchance from a distant clime
They may bring some tidings of him.

Often I gaze at the heavens above,
And down through the rifts in the sky,
Methinks my darling is beckoning to me
From his beautiful home on high.

My soul for its freedom is longing then;
For the wings of an angel to soar
To those realms of bliss in the azure depths,
Where death may part us no more.

I know we shall meet at the beautiful gates,
Those gates that are ever ajar,
That my loved one is waiting and watching for me,
In that land of beauty afar.

No longer I pine in grief and despair,
For the crown and the kingdom are won;
And I know the dear Lord will welcome me home
When life's sad journey is done.

The waves are singing with joyous tone
The sweetest of songs to me—
Rejoice! for he whom ye mourned as lost,
Waits thy coming beyond life's sea.

At Cross Purposes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "PENKIVEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

ARE you anxious to try your own luck with Belle?" he asked, knocking the ashes off the end of his cigar.

Young Duff colored up to the roots of his hair.

"Oh, come—I say—hang it, Cyril. Now, I call this deuced unfair," he exclaimed, warmly. He looked so disturbed that Cyril hastened to smooth down his ruffled plumes.

"No offence, old chappie. It won't be a very natural anxiety on your part. If I hadn't been in love with the dearest and bonniest girl in all England, bless her, I daresay I should have fallen in love with Belle. She isn't the sort of girl one meets with every day."

"No, that she isn't, by Jove! And I tell you what, Cyril, she deserves a better fate than to be tied to a man who can't care for her properly because he happens to love another woman better."

"How can I help that? A fellow can't be spoons on two women at once—at least you may be able to, I can't. It's deuced hard on me. I think you'll allow that. And it's hard on Lizzie too. I believe, I'm pretty sure, she cares for me. I'd been meaning to propose to her every day, and then this infernal will."

Poor Cyril puffed away desperately at his cigar. He looked so white and miserable that Archie would gladly have said something to console him; only under the circumstances he hardly knew what to say.

"If I'd been in your place, I think I should have made a clean breast of it, told my cousin exactly how the land lay," he said, after the lapse of a very few minutes.

"If you'd been in my place, old fellow, you'd have done as I've done. I don't see how any man with a spark of honor about him could have done otherwise. Supposing I'd made a clean breast of it as you say, and told my cousin exactly how the land lay, well, she would have given me my freedom to a dead certainty; but do you think I should have cared about the freedom, knowing that it was purchased at her expense? What would have become of Belle? She hasn't been brought up, as some girls are, with practical ideas, upon the subject of expenditure. She hasn't had a first-class education. I don't believe for one instant she would have been able to earn an honest living—it's hard enough for fellows to keep themselves afloat nowadays, and another thing, Belle's good looks would have been sadly in the way of her earning an honest living. . . . . I tell you, Archie, I should feel as though I were robbing that girl of her life if I were to deprive her of her inheritance by sneaking out of the engagement now. What is it Shylock says—

"You take away my life
When you do take the means by which I live."

"Pshaw, my dear fellow, I think your notions of honor are a little bit strained," said Archie; "I'm glad for your own peace of mind that you haven't committed yourself with Lizzie Howard. Of course, feeling as you do about things, you'd be really glad to hear that Lizzie consoles herself."

A dark look came over young Clere's handsome face.

"What do you mean, consoles herself?" he said shortly.

"What, haven't you heard?—about Tom Mapleson, I mean."

"What about Tom Mapleson? Fire away old fellow. You needn't be afraid of cutting into me. It can't effect me now, one way or the other," the young man laughed bitterly; "is Lizzie engaged to Tom Mapleson? Is that the latest news?"

"No, no. I've never heard that she's actually engaged to him. No, not actually engaged. They—er—they——"

"What have you heard? You may as well tell me all you know. Hang it, man! Haven't you got a tongue in your head? Can't you see that you're keeping me on the rack?"

"Well, I've heard that he's deucedly attentive to her, and all that sort of thing."

"Confound him! He was always trying to creep up her sleeve."

"Did you know him, then?"

"Not I. I met him once, just after the governor's death. It was he who read out the will and——"

"Just so. Oh, by-the-by, do you think he could have had any hand in drawing up that will?"

"What d'ye mean?"

"Well, what I mean is this. From what you've told me, he must have had a pretty strong influence over your old governor. Do you think he used that influence to rid himself of a dangerous rival?"

"Lord knows! I'm the most unfortunate beggar that ever stepped in leather, I know that."

"What are you two fellows colloquing about?" cried Algy Lambert, breaking in suddenly upon the tete-a-tete; "you look preciously thirsty, both of you. Why didn't you ring for the spirits, Archie?"

There was no more confidential talk that night.

The following week was whiled away pleasantly enough in riding and driving excursions and long walks all about the neighborhood. The time of year was favorable for long walks; and it not unfrequently happened that Tom Hickson found himself, whether by accident or design, walking side by side with Belle in the rear of the little party.

Belle had a mania for collecting wild flowers. She liked to linger about the hedges and hunt for red berries, meadow saffron, harebells, and what not. No flower was too common or insignificant to be added to her nosegay; it need hardly be said that Hickson's eyes and hands were entirely at the young girl's service.

He was not so quick at spying out the different specimens as she; but in escalading steep banks and stretching to the tops of the hedges after scarlet berries, his superior length of limb made him an efficient helpmate.

Then it was curious to note the care which he took of Belle, and his anxiety lest she should get her feet wet or her clothes torn in scrambling over ditches and through gaps in the hedges. Belle, who had been used to vault over ditches like a deer, could very well have dispensed with these little attentions; only, well, it would have seemed ungracious to ignore the hand which was stretched out for her encouragement and support.

Mary Lambert looked on and felt rather disquieted. She could hardly fall foul of the young man on the score of his politeness; but she reflected that it was Clere, and not Hickson, who ought to have been paying Belle these little attentions.

One afternoon it happened that Belle went for a long ramble by herself all over Banstead Downs. The gentlemen, with the exception of Hickson, who had been called away suddenly to London on business, were out with their guns, and Mary Lambert was confined to her room with a sick headache, so the girl was forced to content herself with the society of the two collie dogs, Prince and Rover.

The early part of the day had been fine and sunshiny, but as the afternoon wore on there came a change. Belle had been walking along with her head bent and her eyes downcast, lost in thought, and unobservant of anything that might be going on around when a long, low roll of thunder startled her out of her absorption.

She glanced round rather fearfully. She was not naturally timorous, but a thunderstorm always tried her nerves. The sky looked black, blacker than she had ever seen it look before. The wind had risen, and the dust was eddying round and blowing up into her face.

Belle felt decidedly nervous. She was a long way from home, and it was evident that a heavy thunderstorm was preparing to burst overhead. What had she been thinking about to wander so far away from home?

"My dear Miss Cunningham, how lucky I am to have found you," cried a voice that seemed to come from the skies; and looking round in a startled way, Belle beheld Tom Hickson in the act of scrambling through a gap in the hedge that grew on the top of a steep bank bordering the road where she was walking.

"I'm afraid I startled you. What an awkward blundering fellow I am," continued the young man contritely, for Belle had grown suddenly pale, and her parasol had fallen from her hand on the dusty road; "you look so pale. Have you got a headache?"

He picked up her parasol and gave it to her.

"Yes, I have; and I'm afraid we're in for a bad thunderstorm," replied Belle, steadying her voice with difficulty; "my head always aches in this way when there's thunder in the air."

Even as she spoke a vivid flash of lightning rent the skies, and then presently there followed a second roll of thunder, louder and longer than the previous one was.

"Are you frightened?" he said.

He was studying the angry sky, and casting about in his mind as to where he could take Belle for shelter.

"I was frightened, but I don't mind so much now you're with me," she said involuntarily; but when she saw the quick flush of pleasure that rose to his face, she would gladly have retracted her words.

"Can you do a little rough walking?" said he; "if we cut across those meadows to the right, we shall come to an old barn that will serve us for shelter."

"But how was it that you found me here?" asked Belle, as they struck into the footpath running through the meadows in question. "I thought you were going to remain in town all day?"

"I managed to get my business over sooner than I had expected to do, and when I got back and learned that you were out all alone on such an afternoon as this, well, I thought the best thing I could do would be to find you and bring you back again."

Not another word was spoken until the two were safe within the shelter of the old barn. Hickson made a rough sort of couch for Belle out of a pile of clean straw that had been deposited in one of the corners; but the girl was too nervous and too restless to remain seated for many minutes together.

She kept starting to her feet as the lightning shot athwart them, and at every fresh peal of thunder she trembled, and pressed her hands nervously together and glanced up apprehensively, as though she feared the building was about to topple down upon their heads. Hickson did his best to calm her fears. He stood just within the shelter of the barn, and watched the storm which was sweeping towards them over the wide expanse of pasture-land.

"I think it will pass over soon," he said reassuringly; but the words had barely passed his lips, when a loud thunder-clap literally shook the ground under their feet.

Belle shuddered.

"Did you feel the ground rock just then?" she said rather breathlessly. "How I wish it would rain."

But though the thunder crashed, and the lightning blazed, and the clouds hung so low that they seemed to be resting on the summits of the distant hills, there wasn't a single drop of rain.

"I wish you would come right inside, Mr. Hickson. You can't think how nervous it makes me to see you standing out there," cried Belle suddenly.

"My dear Miss Cunningham, you needn't have any fears for me, I'm all right," replied Tom, without changing his position.

"Ah, but I want you to come inside for my sake, I feel so much braver when you are sitting beside me," she went on in a pleading sort of way. She was really nervous about him, and she thought this last argument would be sure to prevail. "I don't know how it is, but I always feel safer with you to take care of me, than with anybody else. I suppose it must be because you're so courageous yourself, you make me feel courageous too."

This was more than Hickson could bear unmoved.

"How I wish I could take care of you always!" he exclaimed, moving hastily to her side, and really not quite knowing, in the sudden irruption of strong, passionate feeling, what he was saying or doing—"Belle! Belle!"

And then, who can say positively how such things come about, his arms were round the slight, girlish form, and she was trembling and half sobbing on his breast.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHERE'S Belle?" cried Algy Lambert, when the little party, with the exception of Belle, assembled round the breakfast-table on the following morning.

"Belle isn't very well to-day," his wife replied; "she isn't getting up. I'm afraid she caught a severe chill yesterday. She seems to have a nasty feverish cold on her."

"Really, I'm very sorry to hear that. I thought Belle never had colds," observed Cyril Clere, doing his best to assume a suitable expression of sorrow.

"She ought to try the sweating cure," cried young Duff: "best thing out for a cold. It's simple enough, and very easy of application. All that you require is a spirit-lamp with a sufficiently large wick. You just make the patient sit down undressed in a chair with the lamp between her feet, and then you take two or three good thick blankets and wrap them all round her from the neck to the ground, so as to enclose the lamp; and then, don't you know, the hot air passes freely all about the patient's body. The great thing in attacking a cold is to restore the free action of the skin."

"But Belle seems so feverish," said Mary Lambert doubtfully: "I shouldn't like, I'm afraid it's rather too late to do anything of that kind."

"We'd better send for the doctor," said her husband; "Parkins," to the maid-servant who came in with a fresh relay of hot buttered toast, "tell John to drive round to Dr. Hunt, and ask him, with my compliments, to come and see Miss Cunningham, as soon as possible."

Hickson was silent, but the hand which lifted his coffee-cup to his lips shook visibly.

"We seem to be all wrong this morning, somehow," Mary Lambert said presently; "here's Mr. Hickson declaring that he'll have to leave by the 11.45 train, Algy."

"Hickson leave by the 11.45!" cried Lambert; "nonsense, my dear fellow, you're not going to run away from us just yet, surely."

"Unfortunately I must. This morning I had a business summons which must be attended to at once. I'm sure you know how very sorry I shall be to leave you all."

"Not more sorry than we shall be to see you go, you bet. Must you leave by the 11.45?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter about that particular train. I should like to wait and hear what the doctor has to say about Miss Cunningham."

And Belle? The girl lay in her bed upstairs her face turned towards the wall, her two hands pressed tightly over her eyes and brow, as though she were striving to press back the pain that was racking her poor head. Her hands were hot, her body ached, she felt hot and cold, and hot again by turns; and when there was nobody by, lo! she was crying bitterly in a stealthy sort of way.

Mary Lambert brought her up a little breakfast, the kind of breakfast that she thought would be likely to tempt a sick person; but the girl merely sipped some of the warm coffee (it was just by way of showing her gratitude); she could not touch a morsel of food.

She begged Mary to go downstairs again, and not to trouble about her any more. "She wanted to be left quite alone," she said.

"It was a chill that she had taken, a slight chill, and what with the fright about the thunderstorm of yesterday, she was always so cowardly about thunder—and—and—but she should be all right again very soon ——"

"Why, Belle," her friend said, regarding her fixedly, "you're crying."

There was no answer; only Belle put her hand over her eyes.

"Belle, Belle, what is it? Is your head so bad?" said Mary, sitting down beside the bed and laying her hand on Belle's, caressingly; "can't I do anything for you? Don't cry, dearest. The doctor will be here by-and-by."

"I know you think me a sad baby," the girl said, making an effort to control herself, "and I'm so sorry: it must be depressing to you to see me like this, but I'm—" here she broke down utterly, and began to sob as though her heart would really break.

Mary was terribly perplexed. That there was something weighing upon Belle's mind and distressing her, she felt not the shadow of a doubt, and she had a shrewd suspicion, moreover, that the something was connected with Tom Hickson. She wished, for Belle's own sake, that the girl would confide in her, so that she might give her comfort and, perhaps, counsel too.

But when the fit of weeping was over, Belle showed no inclination to talk further. She seemed mostly anxious to be left quite alone; and so, after a little while, Mary went gently out of the room and stole downstairs.

Hickson waited about, with his traps ready packed, to hear what the doctor had to say about Belle: and when he had been assured that there was nothing seriously wrong with the young lady, he begged the loan of a time-table and looked out a suitable train, saying that he must be off now with as much speed as might be. They were all genuinely sorry to part with the tall stalwart soldierly young fellow; and Mary Lambert lingered on the door-step and watched the dog-cart (which had been sent round to convey him to the station) until it was out of sight.

"What's that you've got in your hand?" her husband said to her when she came indoors again and shut the door.

"It's a letter which Mr. Hickson asked me to deliver to Belle," she replied; "I shan't take it up to her just yet, because the doctor gave her a sedative and said that she wasn't to be disturbed on any account."

But Belle's nerves were too unstrung to be soothed by the mild sedative which had been administered to her by the doctor's orders. She lay upstairs in the darkened room, with her face pressed against the pillows in a kind of agony of sorrow and shame and self-reproach. What was this thing that she had done, she who of her own free will had engaged herself to her cousin—who was even now wearing upon her left hand the badge of that engagement.

What would her cousin think of her, if he knew about her treason of faith? What would Mary Lambert think? Mary, who, as she well knew, had such a high opinion of her friend's proud and honorable spirit. What would everybody think? A flirt—a jilt—a light coquette—a girl who encouraged men to make love to her out of a spirit of mischief—those were some of the terms that people, women especially, would be only too ready to apply to her. And he—that other—would he go away and perhaps think bitterly of her because she had brought trouble to him, and a heart-ache? Oh, why had fate dealt so hardly with both of them?

Why—but it was sad to think of his going away so that she should see him no more, and perhaps he would never know how sorry she was, and that she reproached herself bitterly with having caused him pain. Poor Belle. She heard the dog-cart drive round to the front door, and then she lay and listened to the noise that was going on in the hall, the voices talking, the tramp of men's feet; and then she heard the final adieu spoken, and the sound of cart-wheels passing underneath her bedroom window, then dying away gradually upon the high road. He was gone; and there was a dull pain at her heart which the fast flowing tears failed to relieve.

Mary Lambert came in about an hour later and gave the girl her letter, going out of the room again directly afterwards and closing the door behind her.

Belle broke the seal of the envelope with

fingers that strove in vain to be steady. There were only a few lines, and they were blotted and blurred. They ran thus:—

"Forgive me—forgive me, Belle. I was mad yesterday—mad with love—mad with despair—mad at the thought that you love me and that I shall never be able to call you mine. I hardly knew what I was saying or doing. Forgive me, dear one. So long as I live I shall never be able to forgive myself for having caused you pain—you, for whom I would gladly lay down my useless life—and, though it breaks my heart to have to write such words to you, forget me—try to forget that such a man as Tom Hickson ever crossed your path in life. Knowing your generous and honorable spirit as I well do, I fear that you will reproach yourself for what has happened: but, Belle, the fault was all mine. I knew that I loved you, I had loved you since the hour of our first meeting. I know that you were promised to your cousin, and yet I allowed myself to linger near you. I fought against my love, and yet I cherished it too. Forgive me, Belle, dear, dear Belle, my one and only love. Forget me—yet not altogether. Farewell.

"Yours till death,

"T. H."

Later on in the day, when the first dinner-bell (warning people that it was time to go and dress for dinner) had just sounded, young Duff was crossing the hall to go to his room when the library-door opened from within and Cyril Clere appeared, looking pale and excited.

"Just come in here. I want to show you something," he cried, grasping Archie by the arm.

They went together into the library which was dimly lighted by a lamp shaded in green.

"Look at that," Cyril cried, pointing to a blotting-book which lay open on the table.

Archie looked at the blotting-book, and then he looked at Cyril. Was his friend going mad?

"Why, what the deuce—what am I to look at the blotting-book for?" said she.

"Can't you see?" exclaimed the other impatiently; "here"—he detached one of the thin sheets of blotting-paper, and held it close to the light—"now come and read what you see written down there. The paper is so thin that the ink has soaked through to the other side, and so you can make out the words quite plainly."

Archie obeyed rather unwillingly.

"I say, it doesn't seem quite fair, don't you know. It's like prying into other people's secrets . . . . Whose writing is this, and what the deuce do you want me to play the spy for?"

"You'll see directly. Just read what you can make out, there's a good fellow. I'm quite justified in asking you to."

Thus adjured, Archie read slowly and with many pauses, stoppages and ejaculations of astonishment, a fragmentary facsimile of the letter which Belle was at this very moment pressing to her levered lips.

"By Jove!" was his exclamation, when he had thoroughly mastered the drift of the words. He put the sheet of blotting-paper down, and looked at Cyril. "T. H., that stands for Tom Hickson, of course. By Jove! who would have thought that Hickson was such a sly demon—I say, what shall you do about this, old fellow?"

"Do about it?" echoed his friend, taking up the sheet of paper, folding it and transferring it to his breast-coat; "it's a game for freedom that I'm going to play, Archie, my boy, and this," hugging his pocket, "is my only trump card."

"Don't do anything that is rash," said Archie.

"Pshaw! what a cautious chap you are," cried Cyril. A deep flush had overspread his handsome, delicate features, and his blue eyes sparkled from suppressed excitement. "If I can get hold of Hickson I shall wring the truth out of him, you bet. I tell you, man, I feel already as though a millstone had been lifted from my neck. I've been wondering lately whether I should cut my throat or run off to one of the Colonies—and poor Belle, she hasn't been looking at all well the past week—she hasn't been in her usual spirits. Even you must have noticed the change. But I think—I hope I shall be able to put all that right now. Hickson must be deucedly well off, from what they say, so Belle will be a very rich woman after all . . . . And Lizzie ——"

"I say, old man, don't you go counting your chickens before they're hatched," struck in Archie.

But before the words were well out of his mouth, Cyril had darted from the room and the next minute his voice could be heard talking to somebody in the hall.

Who was he talking to, and what was he talking about?

He was making inquiries, of one of the servants, about trains.

CHAPTER V.

THE mist that had been hanging over London all day was fast dissolving into light rain, when Cyril Clere knocked at the door of the modest little Mayfair mansion occupied by Tom Hickson, and asked the servant, who appeared in answer to his summons, whether her master was in.

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he sent in his card, and half a minute later was striding into the cosy little room where Hickson was seated alone, moodily smoking a cigar, and turning over the leaves of one of Gaburiau's red paper-covered novels.

"I say, Hickson," said Cyril, coming to the point without any circumlocution, as soon as the door had closed behind him, "I want you to answer me a simple question. Excuse my bursting in upon you in this unceremonious way, but—or—the fact is—er—I want to know, is it true that you and my cousin Belle have got attached to one another?"

Hickson's pale face turned a shade paler than before. He had flung away his cigar and novel, and had sprung to his feet at Cyril's entrance, and now he stood grasping the back of a chair with one hand, while with the other he tugged at his moustache, striving, not very effectually, to conceal the working of his mouth.

"Has Belle told you, then?" he muttered hoarsely.

"Belle has told me nothing. I haven't seen Belle, but I have seen—something. There, look at that." Cyril fumbled in his coat pocket, and produced the sheet of blotting-paper, which he handed to Hickson.

The latter took it and looked at it in a bewildered sort of way.

"What has this got to do with Bel—Miss Cunningham?" he said.

It was now Cyril's turn to seem confused.

"Why—er—the fact is, I went into the library to write a letter before dinner, and I got hold of the same—er—that is, I opened the blotting-book, and was just going to begin, don't you know, when I saw—I couldn't help seeing—the impress of a letter written to Belle in your handwriting, and signed with your initials."

The truth flashed upon Hickson in an instant. He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

But Cyril grasped him by the arm.

"Are you sure that Belle loves you, and would you marry her to-morrow if she were free?" he cried eagerly, even breathlessly.

Something in his tone made Hickson look up, and the eyes of the two men met point blank. On Cyril's face there was a look of radiant gladness.

Tom Hickson set his teeth firmly on his shaking under-lip. He held his breath. A new wild hope was beginning to stir within him, and yet, he hardly dared allow himself to hope.

"Is it possible that you are willing to set her free?" he said, or rather gasped. He could not utter another word just then.

Cyril took his hand and grasped it heartily.

"Don't look so white about it, Hickson," said he; "if I didn't feel quite sure that you're one of the right sort, I shouldn't be willing to release Belle from her promise. I'm fond of my cousin, though I don't love her as a man ought to love his wife. She, poor girl, never cared for me, as I saw from the beginning. Thank heaven, that," pointing to the sheet of blotting-paper, "has saved us from a terrible mistake that would in all probability have wrecked the happiness of every one of us."

"But the will—the money," stammered Hickson; "have you forgotten that by giving up Belle you will forfeit——"

"The money, be hanged," the other cried light-heartedly: "you're *warm* enough, as they say, to make up to Belle for the loss of her share, and as for me—well, I don't think I shall be quite without consolation either."

Hickson saw that there was something more to follow; and so he wheeled a big easy-chair close to the fender, and made Cyril sit down in it, producing cigars, and ringing for some spirits and soda-water, after which the two men remained talking together in a very confidential sort of way till the hands of the little gilt clock on the mantelshelf pointed to midnight.

CHAPTER VI.

EIGHTEEN months have passed away since then; and Belle, now Mrs. Hickson, is entertaining a select party of friends in the drawing-room of one of the big houses in Park Crescent. The Lamberts are among the guests, and Archie Duff, and Cyril Clere and his wife, the latter a pretty little woman with sunny curling hair and large, languishing light-blue eyes.

Dinner is announced, and they all file downstairs two by two, into the spacious, well-lighted dining-room. Mary Lambert's partner is a portly, middle-aged gentleman, who thinks a great deal more of a fine dinner than he does of the prettiest woman in Christendom; and so, while he devotes himself to red mullet stewed in port, and other delicacies in season, she has plenty of leisure to be amused by the conversation, carried on (in a discreet undertone) on her left-hand side.

"Monstrous pretty woman, Mrs. Hickson—don't you think so?" says the owner of a long fair moustache to the lady who has fallen to his lot in the general stampede; "something so fresh and bright about her."

"She's pretty—*in a way*, though I can't say I admire that dairy-maid style myself. I like something a little more *spirituelle*," the lady whose sallow skin has earned her the *sobriquet* of "pasty-face" replies rather tartly; "now her cousin, Mr. Clere, is handsome, if you like——"

"Wasn't she engaged to her cousin at one time and wasn't there some talk about a curious will that her——"

"Oh, yes, I believe they tried to keep it as dark as they could, but the truth leaked out somehow. The old man made a will leaving all his money between the two cousins on condition that they married each other: the money was to be forfeited if they did not marry each other, and so they got engaged for a time; but then they fell out, or something, and so the match was broken off, and then soon after Mr. Hickson proposed to Belle Cunningham and was accepted, and Mr. Clere got engaged to his present wife. It was just like a story that you read in a book, and the oddest part of it all was, that the money wasn't forfeited after all. There was some flaw in the will, I believe—I know there was an awful lot of talk about the law of mortmain which makes it illegal—or something—to leave money to corporations and things of that kind without the Queen's leave. I don't quite know how it is, but I know the money all came to Mr. Clere, and he wanted to divide with his cousin, but she wouldn't hear of that, and so he made handsome settlements on her at the marriage. . . . . And there was something about a Mr. Mapleson too. There was a Mr. Mapleson who was very sweet on young Mrs. Clere—That was before she was married—and he wanted to marry her and all that, and they do say that he had a hand in drawing up the will. He wanted to prevent Cyril Clere from marrying Lizzie—Lizzie—I forgot what her name was."

The owner of the fair moustache looks a little bored.

"Well, Hickson and his wife seem a very devoted couple," he says, and then he drains his glass.

"Ah, but how long do you suppose that will last?" says the lady.

Mary Lambert glanced across the table at Belle. The girl was dressed in flowing black tulle and lace, with snowy camellias and delicate, quivering maiden-hair ferns on her bodice. A diamond necklace, with a locket studded all over with diamonds, glittered on her round white neck. Her cheeks were delicately flushed; her eyes were not less bright, but they looked softer, deeper, more lustrous, more earnest and thoughtful than of yore.

It was the old story, Mary thought to herself. The sun's kiss had changed the rosebud into a rose; the careless, merry, light-hearted girl was transformed into the thoughtful, loving woman. Dinner over, Mary found occasion to have a little private talk with her young hostess.

"What a splendid necklace you have on, my dear," she exclaimed, in the course of conversation. The two ladies were sitting side by side on a sofa near the fire-place. "I suppose Tom gave that to you?—Generous Tom! I wish Algy would make me such a present. What have you got inside the locket? Tom's portrait, or a lock of Tom's hair?"

Belle smiled. She glanced round the room, then seeing that the guests were all occupied with one another, she motioned to Mary to come a little closer, then touched the spring of the locket, and lo! the jewelled lid flew back, disclosing—what? Something pink that was wrapped and folded tightly together.

Mary looked and looked, and rubbed her eyes.

"What on earth is it, my dear? I can't see," she whispered.

Belle closed the locket with a snap, and let it fall again on her white neck.

"*Only a sheet of blotting-paper*," she whispered back.

[THE END.]

ENDING IN SMOKE.

IN Cuba are not only the finest specimens of the tobacco plant grown, but also superior baste, or woody fibre for bundling, and cedarwood for boxes, which so materially contributes to improve the cigars.

Havana tobacco can be harvested but once a year. Cuba tobacco grows at some distance from Havana, Yara tobacco is also cultivated in those places. The best tobacco is known as tobacco de la vuelta de abajo. In September, when the dry season begins, the waters recede to the channel, leaving a deposit of rich alluvium. Towards the end of September the plant-beds are sown on the higher ground. During October the land in the more low-lying fields is prepared, and the young plants are removed thence at the end of the month.

The crop depends upon the weather, particularly on the regular recurrence of rains. Only one very good crop can be counted on in a period of five years. The plant requires great care, as three kinds of worms attack it, which must be removed during the night by the aid of lanterns. The yields from the various sections differ more or less from each other, and are therefore kept separate, each lot receiving its peculiar mark and number on the bales.

In the early part of January the tobacco is ripe for cutting. When the crop is good all the leaves are cut off the stalk at once, and the tobacco is called temprano, or early ripe. But when the crop is poor the unripe leaves are left on to grow out more; these leaves are called tardio, or late ripe. The early ripe tobacco is in all respects the best, and is recognised by the beautiful color and mellow appearance of the leaves. As soon as the tobacco has been cut it is hung on poles to dry. After the leaves have undergone a drying for a time they are moistened by the rain or some other means, and then placed in large heaps to sweat. A second sweating takes place in the bales. The stronger and heavier kinds of tobacco sometimes require seasoning for eight months before they attain the proper color.

On the day the leaves are opened for use the barrel is placed in the court-yard, under shelter from sun and rain. If it rains continually for some days the fillers do not become sufficiently dry to allow working, and the cigar-makers are brought to a standstill. Work seldom goes on in wet weather, as tobacco easily absorbs moisture. To dry the fillers some days in advance will not answer, as much of the flavor would then be lost by evaporation. When the fillers are poor in quality, flavor is artificially imparted to the leaves by mixing one or two bottles of Catalan wine with the water before the leaves are immersed.

The man who strips the wrapper is at the same time an assorter, and sits near a barrel stripping and simultaneously sorting the leaves into different classes according to their quality. No leaves are weighed out except those used for wrappers, of which the cigarmaker receives only one-fourth or one half of a pound at a time. The wrapper is selected from the leaf with great care, and is cut just the proper size. The few scraps that remain are packed away in barrels and employed as fillers. They are generally of good quality, and principally used for Imperiales and Regalias.

The cigarmaker when at work has before him a turned wooden model which serves as a pattern for the form and size of the cigar he is going to make. He also has a flat piece of wood with a hole, through which the cigar can be drawn, and he must be guided by these standards. In making a cigar the cigarmaker takes two or three pieces of leaf and places them flat in the left hand; he then takes as many smaller pieces as may be required, rolls them all together in the hand, and finally applies the wrapper. His chief aim is to cover the veins, or place them all on one side. The heads of the cigars are not fastened with gum, but simply with wheat bread, which the workman carries with him. The most skilful hands use nothing at all to fasten the ends, but secure them by many twistings that wind into each other. This requires more time, however, and is chiefly practised with fine cigars.

When the workman has made fifty cigars he binds them together with a piece of baste or woody fibre, taking care to place the finest cigars on the outside, with the veins inside. To give them an even and round appearance he presses them a few times with a flat board or broad knife. The bundles are placed in cupboards for drying and remain there until they are sorted and boxed.

THE SYMPATHETIC YOUNG MAN.—It was in the old days of stage-coaches, and one of those huge, lumbering vehicles was ploughing its way in a driving rain-storm, filled inside and outside with passengers. Among the number of the more fortunate insiders was a respectable bald-headed old gentleman, who seemed to be very solicitous about a lady riding on the roof. Every few minutes he popped out his head, regardless of the rain, and shouted to some one above—

"Well, how is she now?"

And the answer came, "All right."

"Is she getting wet?" inquired the old man.

"No, not much," was the reply.

"Well, can't you put something round her? 'Twill never do to have her get wet, you know."

"We've got everything round her we can get."

"Haven't you got an old coat or a rag?"

"No, not a rag more."

A sympathetic young man, hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the old gentleman why they didn't let her ride inside, and not out on the roof.

"Bless you, there ain't room!" exclaimed the old man.

"Not room! Why, I'll give her up my place. It's too bad!"

"Not at all, sir, not at all. We couldn't get her into the coach anyhow.

Amazed at her prodigious dimensions, the kind young man said, "Well, sir, if my coat would be of any service, she may have it," and, suiting the action to the word, he took off that garment and handed it to the old gentleman.

"It is almost a pity, sir, to get your overcoat wet, but——"

"Not at all, sir—by no means; pass it up to her."

The coat was accordingly passed up.

"How'll that do for her?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tip-top? Just the ticket! All right now."

Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passengers till the coach arrived at the inn, when what was the sympathetic and gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that his nice coat had been wrapt round—not a fair lady of unusual proportions, but—a double-bass viol!

FOR THE WOMEN.—Ledyard, the distinguished traveler, says:—"I have always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil and obliging, tender and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action.

"Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he.

"To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of politeness and friendship without receiving a polite and friendly answer.

"In wandering over the barren plains of Denmark, through Sweden and Lapland, Finland, Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so.

"And to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, their actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel, with a double relish."

LIFE'S FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

Some flowers not clad in richest hue
Nor breathing fragrance on the air,
Their heads uprear as if they'd woo
More than the sweet, one's eye and care.

They seem to crave your eager gaze
All jealous of their neighbor's charms,
And envious of a rival's praise,
As fondled babe in parent arms.

But when their bloom and season's o'er,
And they must feel chill winter's blight,
They're fain to court your smiles no more,
But sink in dust from mortal sight.

Thus giddy Youth of beauty vain
Will cover oft her neighbor's grace,
And bound in pleasure's galling chain,
May welcome flattery's lying face.

But when it yields to wrinkled age,
And when her charms droop and decay,
She bids farewell to Folly's stage,
From Fashion's glare—she shrinks away.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

A QUIET CHAT.

AT last there was the sound of opening doors, the steps on the bare floor, and, preceded by his three gaolers, the girl bore in a tray, gazing in a scared way at Range, their eyes meeting for the moment before the tray was placed upon the table and the girl ushered out.

"How does he seem, doctor?" said Sheldrake, with a smile; and the fiction was kept up by Mewburn feeling the prisoner's pulse through the sleeve of the strait-waistcoat, and knitting his brows.

"Decidedly calmer," he said, after a pause. "Yes, certainly; I don't think a little refreshment will hurt him. John Range!"

Pannell came heavily to the bedside, in obedience to a nod from Sheldrake unfastened the sleeves of the strait-waistcoat, and Range sprang up, so thoroughly animal at heart now that he thought of nothing else but food.

The next moment, though, a horrible idea flashed through his brain.

"What a fearful lever starvation would be, if they were to use that as a means of bending him to their will!"

He drove the thought away, for here was food now, and he wanted it badly.

The tray was placed before him, and the covers removed by Sheldrake, who said, mockingly—

"There, my dear brother, the doctor recommends a generous diet for you, and you shall be well fed until you can say with justice that you are only half as rich as you say that you are now."

Range could not help a slight start, for he grasped the scoundrel's meaning, but he was so faint from the excitement of his position that he gladly drank off the glass of claret poured out for him; and then, taking advantage of the second slit being made in the sleeves, he went on eating heartily of a tender, well-roasted chicken, with vegetables.

"Capital, doctor, capital!" cried Sheldrake, laughing. "Who do you say, brother John? Is not Doctor Parkins very wonderful?"

"Don't chaff the poor beggar!" said Pannell, gruffly. "Let him eat his meal in peace."

"Let him go on," said Range, coolly. "If it pleases him, let him enjoy himself. It does not worry me."

"Better and better," said Sheldrake, smiling. "You will not object to my smoking, Arthur?"

Range took no notice, and Sheldrake lit a cigar, and sat upon the edge of the bed, smoking, Pannell following his example on the window-sill, and Mewburn occupying a chair.

It was not a pleasant position for the man partaking of the meal; but Range felt more stubborn and determined with every mouthful he swallowed, and he went on eating with a kind of defiant look in his eyes, whenever he lifted them from his plate, until he had done.

This was not until Sheldrake had apologetically removed his plate to enable him to partake of tart, and then again for his cheese, while, from time to time, Mewburn re-filled the glass.

"There, that's better," said Sheldrake, at last. "Sorry we cannot have the servant in to wait upon you, my dear boy. Take the tray off, John, old fellow!"

Pannell came slowly from the window seat and lifted the tray from the bed to the table in an elephantine way.

"Shall I fasten him down again now?"

"No, no, not yet! You are too hard and rigid with the poor fellow, John; you are indeed," said Sheldrake. "Let him sit up and rest a bit. It is a long time to be lying upon his back."

Pannell smiled grimly and walked back to the window.

"Stop me, doctor, if I go too far," continued Sheldrake. "I don't want to override your rules. Now then, Arthur, my dear boy, as you seem so much better, what do you say to a cigar?"

"Give me one," said Range, coolly, after a moment's pause, during which he had hesitated, and then told himself that it would be no use to sulk.

Sheldrake took a cigar from his case and handed it to Range, who held it between his fingers for a few moments.

"Is this one of your own growing—from your own plantation?" he said, very bitterly.

"No, no! no, no, my dear boy!" said Sheldrake, laughing. "That's right enough. There, choose for yourself; or, Jack, give him one of yours."

Pannell did not leave his place, but growled out—

"That weed's all right, Range?"

"I'll take your word," said the latter. "You don't want to move me again to-night?"

"No, no, certainly not," said Sheldrake. "There, take a light, man!"

He struck a vesuvian, and held it while his prisoner began to smoke.

"I thought," continued Sheldrake, "it would be so nice just to have a quiet smoke this evening, and a bit of chat about affairs, then we need not bother you again. You can digest the matter, make your plans, and everything would be settled."

Range gazed at him fixedly as he sat up smoking.

"It is all out of kindness to you," said Sheldrake, coolly removing the ash from the end of his cigar. "You are suffering horribly from plethora—I am right, am I not, doctor?"

"Yes, quite right, plethora."

"So you will have to be bled to the tune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, my dear brother. How you manage it—by what means you will have that sum placed to our credit—I do not presume to advise you. I merely say, make your plans and lay them before us. Am I speaking plainly enough to you?"

"Quite."

"You thoroughly understand me?"

"Quite."

"Then I don't think we need say any more on the subject this evening."

"Yes, we need," said Range, "one word. Suppose I refuse to submit to this piece of swindling extortion?"

"Oh, but you will not refuse."

"I say, if I do?"

"Oh, then, my dear brother, your health must continue to suffer from this terrible state of plethora, and Doctor Parkins will go on attending you until you get better."

"Exactly," said Mewburn, smiling unpleasantly, "exactly."

"That scoundrel looks as if he could drug or poison me with all the pleasure in life," thought Range, "only I am safe, for it would not answer their purpose."

"Don't worry yourself about it, my dear Arthur," continued Sheldrake. "There is no occasion for hurry or agitation. You are quite safe here—in excellent hands. We have taken this house on lease. It is very healthy and retired, and we can all be so happy: such a united family. We shall be greatly respected for our devotion, Jack and I, to our invalid brother; and if you are nice and calm I daresay we shall let you get up to-morrow and sit by the window. Some day we may take you for a drive."

Range went on smoking and gazing straight before him, perfectly unmoved, but realizing more and more how tightly he was closed in.

"It is only a matter of time, though," he thought. "If I am calm, then, I shall be allowed to get up, perhaps be taken out for a drive. Let them take me, and if I do not get away or find help, it will be a strange thing."

"There now, I think we may leave him to his thoughts and his digestion," said Sheldrake, who was watching him very curiously, as if trying to read his thoughts. "Ring, John, old fellow, and let's have this tray taken down."

Pannell rose and crossed to the bell, and returned to his seat, after helping to secure Range, who made no resistance this time, but lay back quietly, telling himself that perhaps his best plan was to be patient and wait his opportunity.

The fastening down was just finished when steps were heard in the passage, and Sheldrake opened the door to admit a rustling sound as of a thick silk dress.

"You here?" said Sheldrake, quietly.

There was no answer, and, as Mewburn started up, Sarah Pannell swept into the room.

"What have you come for?" said Pannell, gruffly.

His wife gave him a defiant look with her large dark eyes, and walked straight to the bedside, to stand gazing down at Range.

She was handsomely dressed in black, and her bodice was one mass of jet embroidery, which glittered and flashed in the evening light as she stood facing the window, while as Range watched the malignant look in her handsome, bold countenance a feeling of mingled bitterness, shame, and mortification robbed him of all desire to speak.

"How is your patient, doctor?" she said, in slow, deep tone.

"Better; oh, much better?" exclaimed Mewburn.

"Why have you come up?" said Sheldrake, in an angry whisper.

"You can all go now," she said for answer; and she made a hasty gesture towards the door.

"Oh, yes! but——" began Sheldrake.

"Leave the room, all of you!" she exclaimed, angrily.

"Yes, but——"

"I wish to be alone," she cried, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

Pannell came towards her frowning as Sheldrake and Mewburn both exchanged glances with him; but she pointed towards the door, and uttering a low growl he turned to go.

"Here, come away," he said to his companions. "She won't be long."

The feeling that came over Range now was one of helpless rage as he saw the three men leave the room, and then, wonderingly his eyes followed the woman, who remained passive, with knit brow, and glittering eyes gazing at him where he lay.

Then, turning sharply, she walked to the wall and took down the small oval hand-glass from where it hung upon a very large nail.

"Now!" she said, shortly, and just then the catch of the door shot back with a smart jar.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PANNELL AS A GARDENER.

RANGE'S was a false alarm, for when the door opened in that sudden way it was only Sheldrake and Pannell, who threw it back so as to be clear in case of attack.

They ushered in the girl, who, with sleeves rolled above the elbow, fetched the breakfast-tray.

"She's trustworthy," thought Range, as, evidently intending their communication to be a secret, the girl went out without giving him a look.

"Now then," said Sheldrake, smilingly; "when you are disposed to settle up only give me a hint, my dear boy. Till then we are very happy and comfortable. So are you. When you grow tired of being shut up, you can say so, and then we'll set to work and finish off the business."

He spoke like this several times, and, after a little defiance, Range used to turn from the scoundrel in disgust.

In this manner a week passed; then another. He had seen no more of Sarah Pannell, though he had heard her voice several times in the garden talking to Jack, who was busy there from morning to night turning the wilderness into a charmingly pretty, orderly old place, gardening evidently being a favorite occupation with him.

"My three bull-dogs," said Range, as he watched the progress of affairs—the dogs following Jack Pannell down to his work, and settling themselves in comfortable positions where they could see the amateur gardener, and occasionally turn an eye up at Range, who was at his window.

Sometimes Jack Pannell would stop to wipe his brow, and then he, too, would turn up his face towards Range and give him a friendly nod.

"I ought to hate the scoundrel," Range said to himself; "but I don't. He's rather a likeable sort of a blackguard, full of fidelity to his companions. Pity he has such a wife."

Consequently, as a relief from the horrible *ennui* produced by his confinement, Range used to watch and take a good deal of interest in the progress of the garden, planning mentally what ought to be done, and, to his great satisfaction, seeing Pannell attack this very part and daily improve the place.

So far the prisoner had made no attempt to cultivate the acquaintance of the dogs—opportunity had not served; but he fed the sparrows regularly, quite a little flock coming to the sill for crumbs and, what they liked better, tiny little cut-up scraps of meat, while the one he had dubbed the Captain loved nothing better than to set to work pecking the morsels left upon a bone.

Range had quite a little party of friends among the sparrows. There was Uncle Wash.—for he named them all—Sir Harry, Sir Robert Burton, the Captain, and Judith. At first he used to mix them up a little, it being hard to tell Sir Harry from Sir Robert: but he was never wrong over Uncle Wash., the Captain or Judith, and the tameness of these little creatures increased day by day.

Perhaps their instinct taught them that there was nothing to fear from a prisoner in a larger sort of cage, so that they came boldly up to his bars, chirped and played about the sill, and roosted at night in the ivy.

One morning the three conspirators, as Range dubbed them, entered the room as usual, for they paid him a visit once a day at least, and looked carefully about to see that no attempt had been made to escape.

"Well, Arthur, my dear boy, tired out?"

Range did not answer, but remained seated by the window.

"Going to settle up to-day?"

Still no answer.

"Ah! well! I suppose you'll have it soon," said Sheldrake. "Looks nice and fine out of doors."

"Pannell," said Range, whose temper was short that morning, "kick that scoundrel out."

"No, don't, John," shouted Sheldrake, good-humoredly. "Say, Arthur, I've been thinking how curious this must seem to you. Land of liberty, you know, and you shut up—held to ransom!"

Range turned away his head.

"Must seem like one of the games they carry on in Italy and Greece, eh? Best of the fun is that if you could write and tell your friends you had been captured in Yorkshire by brigands—by Fra Diavolo and Co. in modern costume—they wouldn't believe you. What would they say about him, Dr. Parkins?"

"They'd say he was mad."

"Yes, of course. Ha! ha! ha! Look here, dear boy, the maid's coming to give you a good scrub out to-day, and we're not going to stop and have our shoes filled; besides, you're going to have a visitor."

Range's heart leaped. Who would the visitor be—some one to whom he could appeal for freedom?

"Come along!" said Sheldrake. "Look sharp, Jack!"

Pannell took the straight-jacket from where it had been hanging outside, and advanced towards the prisoner, who started from his seat and drew back.

"I'm not going to have on that disgraceful thing again!" he exclaimed.

"My dear boy, it is for your good," said Sheldrake, with a sneer. "The doctor thinks it's for the best."

Range retreated, with his eye beginning to flash, and a menacing, fierce look coming into his face.

"Now, then, growled Pannell, "don't be ugly; come and have it on."

Range's teeth set and clenched as he recalled being bound down to that bed, and forgetting his determination to patiently wait for an opportunity to escape, he determined that he would suffer that indignity no more.

"Keep back," he said, fiercely; "you shall not treat me like that again!"

"Close in!" said Pannell, sharply; and he advanced without hesitation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MAKING AN ENEMY.

"IT seems to be a truce between us for the present," thought Carleigh, as he and Alice met day by day, and, save that there was a display of coldness between them, it would have taken a close observer to note that anything was wrong.

For Lady Fanshaw was polite to him in the presence of her husband, but she took care not to be left with him alone, keeping Judith by her side as a safeguard for both; and the latter was in no wise unwilling to spend all the time spared from her uncle with her cousin, whose dislike for Carleigh seemed to increase day by day.

It was a kind of reparation, Alice Fanshaw told herself, and, after devoting herself tenderly to Judith some evening, she would pray that she might never realise the blow that had fallen upon her, but look upon Range's absence as the result of a slight.

Meanwhile Carleigh could not keep away from the Wilderness, and it became a matter of course for his steps to take that direction, so that he could watch the progress of every plant and strand, the unrolling of every fern.

He had had no opportunity of getting the thin saw. In fact he hardly dared leave the place for fear something should happen in his absence, so he waited and watched.

One afternoon the desire came upon him to see if the spade handle were sufficiently covered up, and after combating it for a time he walked down, looking furtively here and there to see if he would be alone, when, all at once, he stopped short, with a terrible suffocating feeling at his chest.

He began to tremble; the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead; and for a few moments he could not move, but stood staring wildly, and listening as a panting, scuffling noise was kept up, earth, stones, and twigs being torn out and thrown to some distance, to fall pattering amongst the leaves and ferns.

He knew what it was, but it was some few minutes before he could master himself sufficiently to pick up three or four pieces of stone and go forward towards where, just at the foot of the mass that had come down from above, and at the side farthest from the water, Bess was scuffling and scratching and tearing away, growing more and more excited as she drew out the earth and stones with her fore-paws and threw them back with her hind.

"Beast! wretch!" cried Carleigh, hurling a piece of stone at the dog with such good aim that he struck her a violent blow on the side.

Bess bounded back and faced him, snarling at him furiously, and he hurled another which made her begin to retreat, while a third stone sent her away growling.

Carleigh stood looking after the dog with the ugly twitch coming again and again to distort his countenance. Then, after glancing round to see that he was not observed, he glared, trembling the while, in at the hole that the dog had scratched, half expecting to see some ghastly memento of the keen-scented creature's success.

He shuddered, though, and began to hurriedly push back the earth and stones with his feet, piling in rough pieces, and then drawing the ferns over the new-looking place, to conceal the scar that the dog had made, as well as he could.

Then, with the full intention of coming back armed with a trowel, he went back to the house, and looked from side to side for likely ferns to dig up and plant to cover the mischief.

And suppose the dog began again?

Carleigh's forehead was wet as in imagination he saw Burton encouraging the dog on in its task, and discovering those ghastly remains.

Then he began thinking about the flask, and its return to his room.

He had never made any inquiries about it—he had not dared; but from the first he had suspected the keeper, whose manner towards him had been very strange.

"If he saw me," thought Carleigh. "He may have seen me that night or that morning, watching as he does all night."

He dropped into a seat in agony so intense that he felt that he could do anything sooner than suffer like this, and at last, unable to bear the sensation more, he watched his opportunity, and, for the sake of doing something to occupy his mind and make his position more safe, he took a trowel from a garden basket used by Judith, thrust it in his pocket, and walked slowly back towards the Wilderness, smoking a cigar.

He stopped twice, and dug up a couple of shield ferns, the bracken being too deeply rooted; and he did this boldly, telling himself that no one would notice him if he were seen; and, this done, he was going coolly down to the spot where the dog had been busy, when he heard a gruff voice that he knew well enough exclaim—

"Down, Bess! to heel!

He needed no telling what was going on.

The dog had gone back to begin tearing out the earth and stones he had piled up, and Burton was there looking on, making sure of the truth of something he already knew by halves.

Carleigh wanted no telling, but he felt that he must watch—that he must see what was going on, even to be present when the discovery was made.

He left the path then, and crept cautiously along among the trees, through patches of bracken and ivy, stepping lightly, till he was so near that he felt that from his post of vantage high up he would be able to see what went on down below.

He was quite right. From where he was he could see right down into the gully with its brawling streams, and there was Bess creeping forward once again to the hole, but only to be ordered back again by Burton, who offered to Carleigh's gaze something fresh, and set him trembling and thinking of his own future, and what discovery really meant.

For there was the keeper, with his coat off and a crowbar in his hand, softly removing the stones that covered the handle of the spade, resting upon the crowbar with one hand till he had removed the pieces.

Then, using the stout iron like a lever, and striking with it a few heavy blows, he rapidly opened and loosened a way, which enabled him at last to raise the stone a little with the great iron bearing down one hand, while he worked the spade-handle about with the other.

Sam Burton was a handy man at such a job as this, armed, too, with such a tool, and at the end of a couple of minutes he had dragged out the spade and thrown it down beside the crowbar, but only to pick up the spade again, level the ground, and fill up the hole before shouldering both, and, climbing up the far side of the gully, disappearing in amongst the trees.

"He knows all," thought Carleigh, as he watched the spot where Burton had disappeared.

Then he turned his eyes to the slip of rock, and ground his teeth as he saw Bess there sniffing at the bottom.

Just then a loud whistle sounded from among the trees, and the dog pricked up her ears, bounded up the bank, and disappeared on the other side.

"He knows all," said Carleigh, again, as he stood watching the place, not daring to go down and see what traces keeper and dog had left.

He did not move for a good half-hour. Then he threw down the two roots of fern, whose leaves he had been unwittingly pinching and crumpling up in his sinewy hands.

He was about to go up to the house, but he examined his hands, which were stained by the soil.

"I'm no coward after all!" he muttered. "I can force my will!" and he sturdily forced himself to go down to the edge of the streamlet, close to which the keeper had laid bare the spade; and as he bent down low and washed his hands in the limpid water, his eyes were busy looking at the newly-moved earth and stones, and wondering whether the keeper would take any further steps, or be content with finding the spade.

"Curse that bird!" cried Carleigh, angrily. "It's watching me again."

For there was the robin, large-eyed and thoughtful-looking, watching his every act.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SAM BURTON IS UNEASY.

"WELL, Milly, my lass," said Sam Burton, "you and I don't seem to be on the gainest way to make a match of it."

"Oh, dear no! Mr. Burton," said the bright-eyed little maid. "I never think of such things."

"That's because thou'rt so fresh and young, my lass. But I'd take it kind of thee if thou'dst say, let's be man and wife."

"Oh no! I couldn't, Mr. Burton!"

"Say Sam, Milly, dear."

"Well, there, Sam, then," said the girl. "There, it's of no use you talking to me about being married; I'm ever so much too young yet."

"Suppose——"

"Well, suppose what?" said Milly, for the keeper stopped.

"Suppose anything was to happen to me, my lass."

"Oh, Sam!"

"Nay, my lass, I don't know that owt is going to happen, but, you see, a man like me has a deal to do among guns when people's shooting, and accidents does happen."

"You're saying this, Sam, to frighten me, and make me——; there, I won't say what I was going to say."

"Well, my lass, I'll be honest wi' you; perhaps I was, but you see keeper's is a strange and risky sort o' life, what wi' gentlemen shooting wild, and portchers, and such-like."

"Then you shouldn't touch the poachers, Sam."

"Nay, my lass, don't thee say that! It's my duty to the best master that ever lived, and whose bread I eat. Say, Milly, you wouldn't like it if I weer a bit hurt, would'st ta?"

"I do wish you wouldn't talk nonsense in that broad way, Sam Burton, when you can talk as well as I can if you like."

"I'll talk as thou likes, Milly, if thou'll 't——there, if you'll only be my little wife. There, my pretty bairn, never mind the blackberries now, but listen to me."

"Oh! There, you made me prick my finger with the nasty thorn: and see, it bleeds!"

"Poor, pretty little hand!" said Sam Burton, laying his gun down, with the barrel resting upon the dog's back, as she couched at his feet, open-mouthed and panting, watching the pair at the edge of a copse with her great liquid eyes.

Sam took the reluctantly-yielded hand, and kissed the bleeding finger, but only for it to be snatched away, the girl's cheeks turning scarlet.

"Don't!" she cried. "There, I must go! Her ladyship's going to drive over herself with Miss Judith to meet the shooting party, and I'm to come too and help with the lunch."

"You coming, Milly?" cried the keeper, with his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, Miss Judith said they didn't want one of the footmen in the pony carriage; and if you behave yourself very nicely I'll see that you have plenty to eat."

"I'd a strange deal rather you fed me with a few kind words, my lass," said the keeper.

"Oh, nonsense! what's the good of being married? I'm sure her ladyship don't seem any the happier."

"No," said Burton, frowning.

"And the captain and Miss Judith seem as if they hated one another."

"Milly," said the keeper, "has——"

"Has what?"

"Has the captain touched you again?"

"No, not once.

The keeper uttered a sigh full of content, and just then a bell rang at the Priory.

"That's breakfast," cried Milly; "there, good-bye, Sam."

"Good-bye, dear lass, for the present, and thank ye for coming. I shall go happy to my job to-day, now."

"So you would without, Sam."

"Nay, my lass, I shouldn't, for I should have been to low-spirroted."

"Nonsense! There, good-bye for the present."

The girl avoided his hand and ran off.

"Bless her pretty face," said Burton, gazing after her. "She's skittish, and slips from me, but I think she likes me. Eh! what wonder that a soft little thing like her should shrink from a great rough man like me!"

He picked up his gun, when the dog uttered a low whine.

"Eh, Bess, my lass, what's the matter wi' thee? Not been hevvin dreams like thy master, and thinkin' things is goin' to happen, eh?"

The dog leaped up and laid her paws on his broad chest, whined again, and gazed up at him wistfully.

"Down, owd lass. There, come along and let's fetch Dick and Prince. There's work for thee to-day as'll keep thee from wanting to scretch that heap. Come along."

He walked towards his lodge, with his head bent and brow full of lines, talking now and then to himself.

"Nay, I mun keep the secret," he said. "I mun keep it for the master's sake. It would kill him if he was to know.

"I don't feel the man I was," he said. "I seem to know too much, and I'm most bet out wi' thinking sometimes what would happen if it was all to come out."

"Phew!" he whistled, wiping his face, and looking haggard and strange. "I wouldn't care if I could feel as her ladyship didn't know. Sometimes I think she don't; sometimes I think she do, for she's always so kind and gentle to Miss Judith, and you can see in her eyes that she's sorry for her, and looks at her as if she were scared, for fear she might find something out. Eh, but it's a bad affair! and if it weern't for Milly, and my being like a home and in my old place, and Sir Harry the best o' masters, I'd go."

He crossed the Brackley road, and plunged in among the firs, the dog running here and there, but never stirring far from her master's heels.

"Eh, poor Judith, it would send her crazy if I weer to make a clean breast of it, and—ah! but I couldn't do it. Haven't I said so a hundred times?" he cried, angrily, as he glanced round at an imaginary speaker. "It would send Miss Judith daft, kill Sir Harry, and I should send the captain to the gallows; and I wouldn't do that to the worst man as ever breathed. What have you got theer?"

Bess was scratching vigorously amongst the pine needles, and whining as she turned her muzzle towards her master.

"Why, my lass, what is it? Theer, hold hard! Why, it's—it's—why, it's hair!"

Sam Burton stooped and picked up a handful of brown hair, perfectly dry and crisp of curl, but full of fir needles, and turning the thick bed a little more on one side he found quite a quantity of the hair.

"That be queer," muttered Sam Burton, as he shook the needles away, and held the curls in the sunlight that came through the branches overhead.

"Well, it be of no use to me," he continued, throwing down the hair, "only I wonder how it came there, and——Why, it be Mr. Range's hair!"

A curious muddy look came over his sunburned face, and, stooping down, he carefully gathered up the locks, placed them in his handkerchief, which he tied up and placed in the pocket of his shooting jacket.

He then had a look round, setting the dog to hunt for fresh traces, but in vain; and Sam Burton went on thoughtfully to the lodge in the wood, where the big oak-tree in front was ornamented with a gibbeted collection of weasels, stoats, jays, hawks, and a couple of half-wild cats which had taken to a life in the woods with the death of the game.

Burton walked slowly, and at every few yards he took off or pushed back his hat to have a good scratch at his crisp hair, but only to give his head a thoughtful, doubting stroke.

CHAPTER XL.

BESS RETALIATES.

SAM BURTON made but a poor breakfast, for he had more than Milly upon his mind, and, shouldering his gun, he took down a couple of dog-collars and leathern thongs, went round to the back where the other dogs were standing upon their hind legs behind the fenced-in kennel and a retriever and another setter were soon taken prisoners, to begin tugging at the thongs, till a short whip was taken from the keeper's pocket, cracked, and replaced, when they became a little less demonstrative, and settled down into a walk.

Just then a stoutly built lad came trotting up, with his mouth full of bread-and-butter and a slice in his hand, ready to take the thongs, and Burton started back to the Priory, where he had hardly reached the door when the gentlemen came out from breakfast.

"Morning, Sam!" cried Sir Harry. "Ah, Bess, old girl! Hey, Juno! Well Gyp!" and, amidst a chorus of frantic barkings and whinings, the General patted the dogs.

"Yes, Sir Robert, and birds be very plentiful. Mornin', sir."

This last, in spite of himself, was a sullen salutation to Carleigh as he came to the door with Judith and Lady Fanshaw, both quiet and grave of manner, while Carleigh seemed to be in the highest of spirits as he greeted the keeper.

He looked well in his leaf-brown shooting suit, and soft hat to match nattily ornamented with a squirrel's tail; while the brothers, with their grey hair and moustache, were in brown velveteen, both erect and manly-looking, and ready for any number of miles' walk that day.

"Have you plenty of cartridges, Sam?" said Sir Harry.

"Yes, Sir Harry, both of us have a pretty good lot, and Tom here can easily run for a few more if we are getting short."

Then there was a final adjustment of belts and examination of guns, with the dogs fidgeting and anxious to be off.

"I've seen some very strong coveys, Burton," said Carleigh, smiling.

"Yes, sir, there's plenty of birds," said the keeper, coldly.

"Well, hang it, man," cried Carleigh, laughing, "don't talk in that tone. I mean to have a few brace if you'll show us any sport."

"Oh, I'll show you plenty, sir," said the keeper, in the same constrained manner—a manner that changed as his master asked him a question or two, or Sir Robert invited his opinion about his gun, when Burton was full of eager deference and respect.

"Well, Judy, you'll come and bring us plenty of lunch?" cried Sir Robert.

"Oh yes, uncle, dear!" she said, as she placed her hand in his own. "I hope you'll enjoy your morning."

"Never fear, my dear," said Sir Robert, heartily. Then, in a whisper, as they stood a little on one side: "but I should enjoy it ten times as much if I could see a little bit of sunshine in my pet's face.

"Oh, you shall, uncle," she cried, smiling up at him; but it was a pale, sickly smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THAT'S VERY ODD."—"When I was travelling in Russia I was attacked, in crossing a forest, by a pack of twelve wolves, and from my postchaise window I fired my revolver and killed the first wolf, and, strange to say, his companions stopped and devoured him, and then came on again to fight. I shot another, and my postillion killed a third, both of which were devoured, and so we went on until only one wolf remained, and I killed him as we were entering the town, and I observed that he was immensely stout."

"Dear me!" said a friend, "that's very odd!"

"Very odd," said the traveller, "but not nearly so odd as that which happened on the following day. I was out shooting antelopes, and fired at one as he stood on the top of a crag; strange to say, the ball passed through his neck, and killed another which was standing on a crag a quarter of a mile off."

"That's very odd!" said the friend.

"Yes, but the odd part of the story is to come. The report of my rifle so alarmed an old he-bear, which happened to be up in a tree, that he fell to the ground, broke his neck, and died on the spot."

"Well!" said the friend, "upon my word, that's very odd!"

"Yes, odd," said the traveller, "but not so odd as the sequel to my story. A thunderstorm came on, and I sought refuge in a hollow tree, and, to my horror, I descended into a nest of young bears, where before very long I heard the she-bear coming. She ascended the tree and was descending the hollow.

"With the rapidity of lightning I seized her by the tail, and plunged my hunting-knife into her haunches, upon which she started upwards, dragging me with her; and as she went down one side of the tree I escaped by the other."

"Now, really, that's very odd!" said the friend, "for it's the first time in my life I ever heard of a bear with a tail."

"Yes," replied the traveller, "and it was the only time I ever met with one, and that's very odd!"

ENGLISH papers are wondering why Irishmen who emigrate to Australia and America develop such unlike traits. American-Irish, say they, send money freely to Ireland to be used against England, while Australian-Irish seem stolidly indifferent, and send nothing. It does not seem to have occured to the English editors that possibly Australian-Irishmen cannot send what they haven't got.

Scientific and Useful.

QUICK FIRING.—Experiments are now being made, in France, with a new infantry rifle, the loading of which, so it is stated requires only two movements and which can be fired thirty times a minute.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—Artificial stone, better and cheaper than any now in use, is manufactured of equal parts of lime and sand. It is exposed a few hours to a high temperature in the presence of water vapor, run into moulds and dried. It becomes hard in eight or nine hours, and costs about the same as brick.

A NEW SHOE-TIE.—A simple and effective clasp for preventing the untying of shoe-laces in ladies' boots and shoes has been recently introduced from Paris. The device consists of an ornamental spring clutch, which clasps the knot, or tie, on the lace and prevents it from slipping, while at the same time it looks like a buckle on the shoe.

ELECTRIC CHURNING.—Still another wonderful use has been found for electricity. Recently electrodes connected with a dynamo of the power of forty ordinary cells were put into forty-five gallons of fresh milk, and in exactly four and one-half minutes the fluid was, as dairymen say, churned, the butter rising upon the surface. The quantity obtained was fully equal to that obtained in the ordinary way, and the quality perfect.

PREVENTING COLLISIONS.—The director of Swedish railroad telegraphs has invented an electric apparatus for preventing collisions. The instrument is attached to the rails at certain places and connected by a telegraph wire with the station, where it communicates with a small needle instrument. When a train passes the spot where the instrument is placed an electric circuit is opened and the needle indicates the spot where the train happens to be at that moment.

GUM-WOOD PAVEMENT.—A new boulevard pavement, of prepared gum-wood, is undergoing a trial in St. Louis. After the roadbed is dug out and rolled, a layer of concrete is put down and coated with coal-tar, on which five-inch gum-wood blocks are set uprightly, with an ordinary lath between the rows at the bottom to separate them. This space is filled part way up with coal-tar and the remainder with sand and gravel, which is rammed in compactly. This pavement is firm, elastic, and apparently noiseless, but costly.

BRONZES.—This is an age of shams, and the art of giving to bronzes an appearance of antiquity is not the least of them. This is readily done by applying a mixture of ground horseradish and vinegar to the places on the statue which it is desirable to stain a verdigris green. It will take three or four days to work the transformation. Meanwhile the horseradish must be kept wet with vinegar. We are also told that by painting a plaster cast with yellow beeswax dissolved in turpentine it will be in a short time be hardly distinguishable from real ivory.

Farm and Garden.

POTATO BUGS.—A Wisconsin farmer has found a sure cure for potato bugs. His plan is to plant one or two flax seeds in each hill of potatoes. He says that the bugs will shun it every time, and for ten years he has thus been successful in growing potatoes, while others have failed.

HARD-SHELLED SEEDS.—All hard-shelled seeds will be greatly hastened in germination by scalding. Pour hot water over them and let them soak in it for twenty-four hours; then pick out all that show signs of sprouting. Pour water on the rest and repeat the process, and so on till you have secured all that will sprout.

DAILY FEED.—Experiments at the Maine State College farm have satisfied the officers, that the best results, taking all things into account, have been obtained when milch cows are given a ration of twenty pounds of hay, three pounds each of bran, cotton-seed and Indian meal per day. With hay figured at $10 per ton, butter can be made at a cost of 15 cents per pound. The butter could be made a little cheaper upon other grains, or rather the same grains in other proportions, but it would be at the expense of the condition of the animal.

CATTLE.—The indications of the beginning of disorder of the lungs in cattle is a somewhat hurried breathing and loss of condition, shown by a tight skin and falling in flesh. The eyes are unusually bright and the appetite is good for a short time, but after awhile a cough, disturbed breathing and conspicuous fever appears, and the animal falls off rapidly. Diarrhœa next occurs, with loss of appetite and falling off in milk. The disease is contagious, and a veterinary surgeon should be called in as soon as indications of the disease appear.

THE RULE OF PROFIT.—The rule of profit must always be to full-feed growing and fattening sheep. This brings them to maturity and market at the earliest period, and commands the best profit. If sheep are allowed to stand still without any gain or growth, then the food eaten is utterly wasted. We have always found a little grain in the fall to pay, even with fair pasture, because the fattening sheep can digest a little concentrated food besides all the grass they will eat, and this concentrated nutriment will all go to gain or profit. Every feeder should look carefully to his sheep and see that they have enough regardless of drought.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 4, 1885.

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SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

If we were asked to state in a single word what purely personal characteristic has probably caused most misery to its innocent victims all the world over in this sublunary life of ours, we are inclined to think we should answer at once, not avarice or jealousy, or temper, or love, but quite simply that commonplace feeling, self consciousness. To every one person who suffers from the pangs of jealousy, of fear, or of unrequited affection there are a hundred who suffer from the terrible, pressing, and ever-present demon of self-consciousness.

But whoever wishes to be cured of this ceaseless internal torture should school himself carefully in the habit of remembering that everybody else has his own doubts, and fears, and hopes, and peculiarities, his own tremors, and blushes, and joys, and gratifications. It, poor victim, instead of troubling yourself only about what Robinson thinks of you, you sometimes try to think whether you are doing your best to give pleasure to Robinson, you will soon find that the endeavor to concentrate your attention upon somebody else's mind has taken it for the moment off your own eternally nagging personality. Depend upon it, most people think more about what is being said and done around them than about the people who are saying and doing it.

We each unconsciously exaggerate to ourselves our own relative importance as parts of this great complex whole which we call the world; we consider ourselves the centre of the universe to everybody else, whereas we are really only the centre of our own little restricted individuality. Oddly enough, truly great men and women are generally quite devoid of the faintest shadow of such self-consciousness; they are so filled with the subject which holds them for the moment that they forget themselves in the passing interest of the conversation.

The fact is, nobody, as a rule, is much interested in other people's most internal personality. An autobiography, unless it be the autobiography of a very great or a very peculiar personage, rarely excites much attention among general readers. Self has been well described, indeed, as that subject upon which all men are fluent and none agreeable. Hence, even geniuses, when profoundly self conscious, fail to interest any save their own passing generation. After ages get tired of their distorted pictures of what they take to be their own souls.

The self-conscious should make a deliberate attempt to free themselves from the trammels of their own point of view, to think of others, to feel for others, to sympathize with others, and to forget self in the settled determination to be wider minded and more objective in attitude—better even to think healthily and unconcernedly about the merest trifles than to pry too much into the deepest recesses of one's own feelings. If we leave our feelings altogether alone, indeed, we shall soon be surprised to find that, as far as self-consciousness goes, we have ceased to have any. We shall have merged the consciousness of self in the general service of universal humanity.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE reading of newspapers, under proper guidance, has been very generally introduced into the public schools of Lehigh county, this State.

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MANY physicians of small practices, in London, keep chemist shops, and on certain hours each day see patients, prescribe, give advice, and furnish medicine for the bagatelle of 25 cents each patient.

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IRON bridges are sent from this country to Brazil now at the rate of about four a month. They are shipped in sections, and when they reach Brazil, are put up in place of wooden bridges on the Brazilian highways.

—

IN some of the rural churches in Holland it is customary to smoke during the service. A foreigner, who recently preached to a Dutch congregation, had among his audience the pastor of the church, who smoked his pipe like the rest.

—

FIVE out of twenty-one Presidents of the United States were of Scotch-Irish lineage —Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson and Arthur; two of Scotch—Grant and Hayes; one of Welsh—Jefferson; and one of Dutch—Van Buren; the remaining twelve being of English descent.

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ARSENICAL floors, in addition to wall papers of that kind, are threatened in England. A correspondent writes to one of the London papers, showing that an architect directs the washing of joists for cellar floors with an arsenical solution to prevent dry rot.

—

A LITTLE girl who rang door-bells, in Schenectady, N. Y., and sobbingly asked for a light for which to hunt for a supposititious five-cent piece she had lost near by, gathered in more half dimes than lights from sympathetic people, until her little game was detected.

—

IN the discussion as to the deleterious effect of tobacco upon the human system, which has just been started afresh, the case of a Kentucky woman, vouched for by a Cincinnati paper, should not be forgotten. She began smoking corn-cob pipes while a young girl, and, persisting in the practice, died at the early age of 119 years.

—

AMONG the meanest of tricks is that practiced by a man in New York, who is going the rounds of that city buying three or four papers from old women newsdealers, and giving them in payment a counterfeit twenty-five cent piece, thereby not only cheating them out of their papers, but also the genuine money which they gave him in change.

—

THE size of bakers' loaves at Haverstraw, N. Y., is said to have been materially increased in consequence of a recently published sermon by a clergyman in that city, who argued to show that the bakers' profit was something over $13 on each barrel of flour baked, and offered to furnish all the flour required at $1 less than the bakers declared they had to pay.

—

THERE is believed to be danger to horses in the public drinking troughs. Glanders are often communicated in this way. A stand-pipe and bucket is the safest and best arrangement for watering animals in cities. It is more comfortable for the horse, the water is fresher and more palatable, and there is far less danger of its being contaminated with dust, dirt, and the germs of disease.

—

EVER since a leading authoress asked the question, "Is Polite Society Polite?" attention has been directed to very many evidences causing it to be answered negatively. Who will say that the majority of young men now entering life are not wanting in chivalrous instincts; that they do not live entirely for themselves, and rather admire their own indifference to the obligations imposed by good breeding? Natural defects of character or disposition are not controlled, either by their natural guardians or by themselves, and they simply rush about like puppies who have just opened their eyes, without consideration for anybody's feelings, or whether there may not be something due to the larger issues of life.

—

IN the execution of any work of art or creative design, it is generally the beginning and the ending of a task which respectively present the gravest difficulties to the worker, be he craftsman, author or artist. "Well begun, half done," is the proverb. But even with this moiety granted, the remaining half has still to be faced, and may present difficulties as great as those which beset the inception. We may begin to build, and yet be unable to finish, either from lack of resources, or, still more probably, from a superabundance of material, coupled with inability on our part to dispose of it to advantage. Yet, it is the end which unquestionably "crowns the work," if the beginning lays the broad foundation.

—

IN the greater number of railway stations in England there is a small box on legs, painted crimson, which may be called an automatic postoffice. It is divided in two compartments. On the top are apertures admitting a penny, one being for postal cards and the other for envelopes. You drop a penny through the slot and open a little drawer beneath, and, presto! you find a postal card. Drop two pennies in the right hand slot, open a corresponding drawer and you find a stamped envelope containing a dainty sheet of note paper. These little conveniences are the property of a private company. The profit is very small, and only on the envelope and sheet of note paper. You can't get the best of it by dropping in a bad penny, as if not full weight it refuses to deliver, and keeps your short coin, confiscating that as a punishment for your attempt to cheat. It has a golden rule that works only one way.

—

ALL that can be said about education in a very large portion of Russia is that it does not exist. There is no national provision for the teaching of the masses in the rural districts, and, though municipal authorities in towns have the power to establish schools, they have hitherto exercised it very sparingly. Towns, however, in the sense in which the word is understood in America, are hardly to be found in the dominions of the Czar. The two capitals stand apart, of course; besides these there is not a single city in the whole of Russia which would be deemed a large town in America. Only twenty have a population exceeding 50,000, and only 150 count more than 10,000 inhabitants. Not more than one in eight of the 80,000,000 who make up the subjects of Alexander III. can be called a townsman. The remaining seven-eighths of the people are dwellers in isolated village communities.

—

IT is not extravagant to say that there is not another country on the face of the earth disfigured by so many inappropriate names as this country. England has English words of Saxon and Norman origin. Holland has those whose origin are wholly Dutch; France has her own, handed down from the Franks; Germany and Switzerland have names which are histories. Russia and Poland have names that are at least significant to the Slavonic races. Here it seems as if there was nothing appropriate to the soil; nothing to distinguish this new country from the older ones. In this country there are towns named Yoa Bel, Popcorn, Wild Cat, Cob Run, Cut Shin, Bake Oven, Big Coon, Burn Corn, Rawhide, Cat Creek, Dirt Town, Doctor Town, Ivy Tavern, Cut Off, Big John, and Fish Hook. The name of the old Assyrian capital has been assumed by a straggling Long Island village, and a new settlement on a low tongue of mud thrust out between the Ohio and Mississippi has been named after the seat of the Egyptian kings, and, as if to lose nothing grandiloquent from the land of Egypt, a Memphis has been established 300 miles below. In the cultivation of a taste for letters and arts in this country the subject of nomenclature should not be lost sight of, but American homes be made all the sweeter by the association of pleasant names with pleasant places.

—

THE well known writer, T. S. (Timothy Shay) Arthur, died March 6th, at his residence, in this city, after a brief illness. Mr. Arthur was born near Newburgh, Orange county, New York, in the year 1809. After locating himself in various parts of the country, in 1841 he removed to Philadelphia, which has been his home ever since. His first work here was reporting lectures, etc., for different publications, he not being attached to the staff of any one journal. His first regular employment as a writer, was for the SATURDAY EVENING POST, sometime in 1842. About 1854 he started *Arthur's Home Gazette*, and in 1858 he began the publication of *Arthur's Home Magazine*. Both of these were issued together for several years, when the *Gazette* was discontinued, and the other became *Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine*, under which title it is still published. Mr. Arthur's first continuous work of importance was a temperance story, entitled, "Six Nights with the Washingtonians," but the work by which he was most widely known was "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." That story has been translated into most of the modern languages. He wrote a large number of books upon temperance and domestic topics. His last extended work was entitled, "Strong Drink; the Curse and the Cure." Within the last ten years he did very little writing, devoting his time and energy to his magazine, and to the interests of his business. Mr. Arthur was never a man of very robust health. The immediate cause of death was general debility.

A LOST DAY.

How many tasks I planned at dawn!
I said, "When this fair day has gone
And I sit at dawn of eventide
To count the work my hands have done,
Between the rise and set of sun
I shall be fully satisfied."

And when I wove a web of dreams,
And hours slipped by like sunny streams
Unnoted in their rapid flight,
And when I roused myself, at last,
To act, I found the day was past,
And sunset fading into night.

Oh foolish dreams, oh wasted day!
This, and this only, can I say—
"Not one good deed my hands have done."
How much I might have done, had I
But used the hours as they passed by,
But I have squandered every one.

God gives His days for us to use
For some good purpose. If we choose
To squander them, how great our sin!
I shudder, when I think He keeps
A record of them all, and weeps
To see the misspent ones therein.

Oh ye who give to dreams God's hours,
A serpent lurks beneath the flowers,
Of idle moods and weak delay:
Rouse! make to-morrow's record fair,
Be this the angel's entry there:
"To-day atones for yesterday."

A Woman's Wit.

BY HENRY FRITH.

MRS. CASTERTON always gave charming entertainments. Her house was small, and she had the good sense never to crowd her beautifully-furnished rooms, nor to issue her invitations indiscriminately. The prettiest of women, the cleverest of men, were always to be found at Mrs. Casterton's, and she contrived to amuse them without giving them expensive suppers, or exceeding the limited income on which she managed to live well and dress fashionably.

She was gliding among her guests, saying a smiling word to one, or listening with rapt attention to another, and ever and anon bestowing a caress on a pretty, shy little creature who called her aunt, when a footman brought her a card and whispered something that made her finely-pencilled eyebrows contract with displeasure. Without taking the card from the salver, she raised her pince-nez and surveyed it with increasing annoyance.

"It is impossible," she told the servant—"quite impossible that I can grant these people an interview this evening. Tell them so—civilly, of course; and if they are troublesome, bid them call again."

"It is for Miss Vere they are asking," the man replied; "and when I told them I was sure they could not see her, the younger gentleman said he should insist on hearing from her own lips whether she had given orders to be denied to his father.

"Immensely provoking," murmured Mrs. Casterton under her breath, but not so low as to escape the ear of a gentleman lounging close by. His eyes, always quick to read the changes passing over the human face, detected the uneasiness on hers, and he softly addressed her:

"In trouble, dear friend? Can I be of any service to you?"

"Slightly bored by a couple of unfortunate visitors, that is all," she responded. "If you will kindly take care that my niece does not suspect the cause of my absence or attempt to follow me, I shall be unutterly grateful."

A look of intelligence passed between the lady and the Honorable Geoffrey Davoren, whom the world said she liked well enough to have married—although he was some years her junior—if he had not been a penniless younger son with the extravagant habits of his class. Anyhow they were the best of friends, and Mrs. Casterton never hesitated to ask his advice or claim his assistance when any little difficulty presented itself.

Geoffrey Davoren went to keep watch over the unconscious Elizabeth Vere while her aunt threaded her way through the groups that were enjoying the cooler atmosphere of the ante-chamber; and her head taking a more erect *pose* and her demeanor a chillingstiffness, she descended to the entrance-hall where her unwelcome callers awaited her.

There were two, evidently father and son: the elder a fine, broad-shouldered specimen of the well-to-do, intelligent farmer—a calm, shrewd, bluff old man, still hale and vigorous in spite of his years.

His son was cast in somewhat finer mould, less rugged but quite as manly: his dark eyes shining with a softer light, his lips less firm and more smiling; but he was a worthy scion of a good old race. In spite of his clothes not having been made by Poole, they sat well on his sturdy limbs, and Mrs. Casterton was forced to acknowledge to herself that if Frank Harborne and his father were not "gentlemen" according to the common acceptation of the term, they belonged to nature's nobility, and that she must treat them with more courtesy than she had intended.

"Mr. Harborne, I believe?" she said, addressing herself to the elder man. "I am sorry your call should have been made at such an inconvenient season that my niece cannot come to you. Some other time perhaps——"

"There can be no other time for Frank and me," Mr. Harborne made answer, his decisive accents touched with the burr of his native Cumberland, and contrasting with the smooth, suave, and not very truthful tones of the lady. "We are in London to make our preparations for a lengthy voyage. We are bound for Australia, and before we go we would fain see our little Lizzie once more."

Mrs. Casterton uttered some polite regrets and inquiries, which the farmer cut short by entering at once on the briefest explanations.

"It's very civil of you, ma'am, to be sorry for us, seeing that you know nothing of us but what you may have heard from the lass; nor would I think of lashing you with our affairs. The lease of our farm is out; for some reason best known to himself"—in spite of her worldly tact and self-possession Mrs. Casterton's color changed and her eyes fell—"Sir John declines to renew it; and as we must make a fresh start in life, we think we'll do it with less pain to ourselves in a new country. That's all, ma'am; and we are here to bid Lizzie good-bye, and give her an old man's blessing for the last time."

"It is very kind of you," said Mrs. Casterton; "but would it not be still kinder to spare her a parting interview? I shall be most happy to convey to her any message with which you will entrust me; but, really, to permit her feelings to be harrowed by adieux——"

"Father," cried Frank Harborne, abruptly, and with a ring of agony in his voice, "I *must* see her once again! I cannot leave England without!"

"Neither can I!" added his father, with less excitement but quite as much determination; "and so, ma'am, you must excuse us if we are a bit obstinate. Little Lizzie was brought up under my roof, and has been as dear to me as if she were my own flesh and blood; and how can I cross the sea without wishing her well, and bidding her think of us sometimes?"

"For Miss Vere's sake the past must be forgotten!" said Mrs Casterton, haughtily.

"You will please to remember that by birth as well as fortune she is in a very different position from yours!"

Mr. Harborne surveyed the speaker with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"I'm glad you're so ready to own the lass's claims. When her poor, pretty mother died heart-broken at the loss of her handsome young husband, who had courted and carried her away from her home in the dales, there was not one of his kinsfolks who would concede that Lizzie had any claims upon them at all. It was not till her father's uncle on his death-bed remembered the orphan and left all his fine property to her, that uncles and aunts and cousins cropped up and found out that it was a sin and a shame that she should be living in the old farmhouse that called me master!"

"Really, Mr. Harborne, these taunts are very discreditable to you!" exclaimed Mrs. Casterton, reddening with vexation and perhaps a little shame. "Our solicitors offered you a reasonable sum in payment of Miss Vere's board and lodging."

"And insulted me by the offer!" was the hot reply. "Did they think I wanted their brass for the bit and sup I had freely given to a motherless bairn? But I didn't mean to lose my temper," he added, as his son touched his shoulder and spoke in his ear. "We should never understand one another, and so we'll do our errand and be going. If you'll bid one of your folks tell Lizzie we're waiting to see her I'll thank ye."

Mrs. Casterton coughed dubiously and hesitated.

"I do not see how I can comply with your wish. Miss Vere is entertaining a few friends."

"None that she has known as long or who have loved her as well as we have!" stoutly insisted the farmer.

"Possibly; but it is inconvenient. To-morrow perhaps——"

"Should we find her at home if we called to-morrow?" asked Mr. Harborne, looking full in the face of the lady, who, knowing that she had already shut her door against him more than once, was disconcerted. After all, he was going to leave England, and for this once it might be prudent to yield. Elizabeth Vere, though as a rule she was sweet-tempered and docile, could flame into warmth at an act of injustice, and was not easily pacified.

Mrs. Casterton beckoned a servant and bade him ask Miss Vere to come to her; but so resolved was she that the father and son should have but the briefest interview with the young girl, that she kept them standing in the hall, and remained there herself.

Down the stairs—a vision of girlish loveliness in her evening-dress of pale blue silk and creamy lace—came Elizabeth Vere, and unconsciously to himself Frank Harborne sprang forward with outstretched arms. Three short years ago she had been his pet, his darling, the bonnie lassie to whom he had never spoken of marriage because his father had said she was too young as yet to take upon herself its cares. And now one stroke of fortune had removed her so far from him that he might never again cherish the sweet hope of calling her his. He had gone to Scotland for a few weeks to visit some friends of his mother, and come back to find Lizzie an heiress, whom her father's relatives had claimed and carried away to place under the guardianship of Mrs. Casterton.

Lizzie did not see the ardent and sorrowful face gazing up at her. She was busy with her bouquet, arranging some blossoms that a hasty movement had crushed, and trying to hum the refrain of an air one of her aunt's guests had just been singing. It was not till, forgetting how often she had been reproved for such unladylike actions, she laid her hand on the balustrade and lightly leaped the few remaining stairs, that she caught sight—not of Frank (recollecting himself as he heard Mrs. Casterton's impatient cough, he had folded his arms across his chest and retreated)—but on the stalwart figure of his father.

In an instant bouquet and fan were flung aside, and she was sobbing on the old farmer's neck, scandalizing her aunt by the rapturous joy of her greeting. It was some consolation to see that Frank was not allowed to share those raptures: his welcome consisting of a few words, faltered with drooping head, and a hand so timidly extended that he did not seem to see it at all.

"Oh! but I have been wearying for a sight of you!" cried Lizzie, forgetting all Mrs. Casterton's lessons in English. "Why have you stayed away so long? I wrote home"—the old Cumberland farmhouse was still fondly thought of as home—"I wrote as soon as we came back to England a few weeks ago, but there has been no answer."

"We had no letter from you, my lass—mayhap it was lost in the post; but we have thought of you none the less, and as I was just telling the good lady your aunt, we could not have borne to go away without seeing you once more."

"Go away! Leave the farm! Uncle, Frank, you cannot mean it! Why, I shall be of age in two days, and I have been dreaming of coming back to Cumberland, and saying to you—See my long sojourn abroad, and all the accomplishments they have made me learn, have not changed me! I am still the little Lizzie, who used to owe everything to your affection."

"My dear Elizabeth," interposed her aunt, beginning to feel uneasy, "you really must not forget that you are detaining me from my friends most unconscionably."

"I am sorry—but pray don't wait," was the reply. "I have so much to say to my uncle and Frank that I cannot leave them yet."

"You can have nothing to say," was the sharp reply, "of sufficient importance to excuse your behaving rudely. Mr. Harborne, I must request you to show more consideration for me than this heedless niece of mine is doing. If you are here to bid her farewell, let it be quickly—to prolong the pain of an adieu is folly."

"That's true," responded Mr. Harborne, with a sigh. "So bless thee, my bairn, bless thee, and keep thee from all harm. If trouble ever should come upon thy head thou know'st where to turn for help. If I am too old and infirm to come to thee, my boy is not, and thou know'st thou art just as dear to him as to me."

Involuntarily the young girl turned a questioning glance on Frank Harborne, but Mrs. Casterton intercepted it; and somehow, by dint of her but slightly-veiled impatience to be rid of them, the farmer and his son were hustled away; but as the door closed after them, Lizzie, hitherto bewildered and half-stupefied by the suddenness of the occurrence, uttered a despairing cry, and would have rushed to recall them.

Her aunt's arm was instantly thrown about her, and she was firmly drawn back.

"Hush! hush, my love, what will the servants think of you! Such warmth of feeling does you great credit, but it must be controlled. If you redden your eyes you will look ridiculous! Let me take you to my dressing-room and give you some eau-de-cologne."

But Lizzie repulsed the attentions lavished on her. In the three years she had been with Mrs. Casterton she had learned to obey her, but she could not do it now.

"No, no, not yet! I cannot bear it!" she gasped. "Leave me to myself awhile, and then I will come to you. Yes, you must; my heart is aching so dreadfully, that I cannot listen to you!"

The lady bit her lips, and secretly laid the blame of this outburst on the Harbornes and their evil teaching, or rather want of teaching; but she saw that further remonstrances would be useless, and darted into the shadow of the half-lighted dining-room, she returned to her guests.

It was Geoffry Davoren who stole to Miss Vere's side some twenty minutes later, just as her sorrow for the loss of her old friends was yielding to a little anger that they should have left her with what she termed a haste and indifference she had done nothing to deserve.

Of all her aunt's intimate acquaintances she liked the Honorable Geoffrey Davoren the best. He never looked shocked when she dared to be natural and behave like the simple, merry girl of the old farmhouse, instead of the languid, highly-proper young lady pupil of Mrs. Casterton; and he had often come to her assistance when she had committed some breach of her aunt's rules, his good-humored ease banishing her fright and shielding her from the notice she dreaded.

"No, I am not going to deliver my message, and beg you to return to the drawing-room," he said, as she shrank from him, "for I can see that you are not in the mood for it. But do not send me away, my dear Miss Vere. The silence and obscurity of this room is deliciously soothing!"

And then he sighed; and accommodating his step to hers, began to pace the room with her. He was so kind, so sympathizing, that she could not repel his attentions, especially as he seemed to understand at once the feelings into which Mrs. Casterton, with her disdain of such coarse-minded people as the agricultural classes, never entered.

"Of course it grieves you very much to lose your old friends. You are quite right to retain such a grateful recollection of the past. I have some slight knowledge of Mr. Harborne and his son, having met them once or twice last year, when I was staying at Sir John's in the hunting season. They are fine fellows both of them?"

"They are the best, the kindest——" began Lizzie, but her voice was broken by a sob, and she averted her face to hide the tears streaming over it.

"Let us hope they will be happy in their new home!" said Mr. Davoren, very softly. "Mr. Harborne, with his wide expanse of land; and his son with the pretty young wife he takes with him. They have our best wishes for their felicity, have they not!"

Frank married! Frank taking a bride to Australia! Was this, then, the reason he had avoided meeting her gaze? Was this why his farewells had been so curt and cold? And she had been so constant to the memory of those days when he had not attempted to conceal that she was dear to him; and had even looked forward to her coming of age, not that she might plunge into the gay life Mrs. Casterton was fond of depicting, but that she might bestow her wealth on him!

Then a faint hope that Mr. Davoren was mistaken made her turn to him, asking eagerly:

"How did you know this? Who has told you?"

He put his hand to his brow.

"Let me see—was it Frank himself or his father? Did they not mention that they met me at the railway-station this morning?"

Lizzie asked no more. She was deceived, forsaken; and murmuring some incoherent apology, she knew not what, she quitted the room.

It was an excellent opportunity for indulging in a cigarette; but the Honorable Geoffrey Davoren had scarcely lighted one, and thrown himself into a comfortable lounge, when Mrs. Casterton appeared.

"Alone?" she exclaimed. "Where is that provoking girl?"

"Make yourself easy," was the reply. "*La belle* Elizabeth is just now wrestling with the agonies of mortification. It is the first step towards her cure. I have convinced her that her rustic lover has married another. For a week she will be pensive—for a day she will be sullen—and then her spirits will revive and all will be well!"

"You are invaluable!" cried Mrs. Casterton. "I was sadly afraid I should be convicted of having withheld her letters; but it was for her good. It would be a thousand shames to let her throw herself away on a farmer's boy!"

"She is worthy a brighter destiny," was the response. "Were I a rich man——"

Mrs. Casterton put her finger on his lip, saying, playfully:

"Does the wind veer in that direction? Then it is time I gave a warning. Elizabeth Vere is to be my daughter-in-law. While we were on the continent I took her to Brussels, where, as you know, my dearest boy is one of the ambassador's attaches; and he liked her well enough to fall into my plans. He will have leave of absence shortly, and then you, who have so much influence over the child must help me to bring about the happy result."

"Do you think Mr. Casterton will make Miss Vere a *good* husband?" queried Geoffrey Davoren, with a significance that made his auditor wince. But her answer was evasive.

"I think it would be a great shame if my uncle Leonard's property went out of the family. You know we always thought George would be his heir till he was seized with a fit of compunction as to this girl. Such a marriage would unite the interests of both complainants, and would make me so happy that if any friend who had assisted in bringing it about were to ask of me a loan of a few hundred—say four or five—I should freely give it him, small though my balance at my banker's always is."

Geoffrey Davoren bent low and kissed the tips of her fingers, murmuring the while;

"Who would not aid you for your own sake dearest of friends?"

"Then I may count upon you? Rely upon it you will not find me ungrateful. But I must not stay to say more. You'll call on me to-morrow?"

And away went Mrs. Casterton smiling to think her greatest obstacles—the Harbornes—were out of her way; and Geoffrey Davoren, whom she had been inclined to suspect of a *penchant* for her ward, warned that she was intended for another.

But when she disappeared her ally made a mocking bow.

"Your most obedient, madam, you may not find me so easily befooled as you fancy. Do you think the bait you hold out will pay me to help you wed the little girl to your booby spendthrift son when a little tact may lure the heiress into my own arms? Everyone for himself, Mrs. Casterton. I can scheme as well as you."

Neither of the plotters felt surprised that Lizzie did not appear again that evening, making a racking headache an excuse for shutting herself in her chamber.

After a long struggle with her pride and doubts she had despatched a note to Frank Harborne. It contained but half-a-dozen lines, written with such a tremulous hand as to be scarcely legible:

"They tell me you are about to take a bride with you to Australia. Is it true? Send me a 'yes' or 'no' by the bearer."

And having despatched this by a sturdy, middle-aged housemaid, whom she preferred to any other servant in the house because she was born at Carlisle, Lizzie went to bed and wept herself to sleep.

But she gave her aunt no further trouble respecting the Harbornes. She came to breakfast heavy-eyed and disinclined to converse; but was allowed to be as silent as she pleased—Mrs. Casterton feeling sure that this mood would be banished by the gay scenes of the evening. She blushed deeply when she encountered the question-

ing glances of Geoffery Davoren, who came to hand them from their carriage at the doors of the opera; but when, in his soft tones, he asked if she was reconciling herself to her sorrow, she answered in the affirmative.

Part of the succeeding day was spent in the lawyer's in signing papers and receiving his account of his stewardship during Miss Vere's minority. Elizabeth submitted to be congratulated on her coming of age, but did not seem to be either elated by it or depressed; and Geoffrey Davoren, who met her and her aunt on their way home, rallied her a little on the equanimity with which she bore her good fortune.

"I am only a little richer," she said, "I was quite as happy when I was dependent on the bounty of Farmer Harborne. By the way, it is customary, is it not, to make wedding presents to one's friends? I shall charge myself with the outfit of Frank Herborne's bride."

Mrs. Casterton promptly uttered a protest against such unnecessary generosity; but Geoffrey Davoren, with greater tact, praised the good feeling that dictated it.

"The question is—Would the Harbornes accept such a munificent present?" he demurred.

"It would not be munificent," Lizzie asserted. "For I should purchase only such articles as would be useful to the wife of a farmer in the colonies; and I would put it out of the power of the bridegroom to object by sending the cases on board the vessel without consulting him."

"My maid could do this for you if it must be done," said Mrs. Casterton. "Give her a list of what you think necessary, and the address of an outfitting warehouse, and you need take no further trouble."

But Miss Vere was willful, and chose to take all trouble upon herself. Escorted by Susan James, the steady housemaid, she spent a couple of mornings in the city selecting her purchases, to the secret amusement of Geoffrey Davoren, who pictured to himself the dismay and bewilderment of Frank Harborne when he reached Australia, and found himself the possessor of huge cases filled with feminine paraphernalia.

But to Elizabeth he was almost reverential in his admiration.

"How nobly you are treating one who has not, I fear, behaved to you with the consideration and delicacy you merit?"

"I do not feel very generously disposed," she coldly replied. "On the contrary, I have been for these last few days nourishing more ill-will and bitterness of spirit than I ever indulged in before. I have been asking myself what this wealth has brought me beyond an insight into human nature that I had rather have been without."

"You forget," and Geoffery Davoren dropped his voice so that his words should not reach Mrs. Casterton—"you forget that it enables you to give your hand to whom you will; and to reward with your sweet self the happy man who, in spite of his own poverty, has dared to love you."

Miss Vere blushed more beautifully than before, but made no reply. She was busy with the fastenings of a case which contained a very costly set of ornaments for her aunt.

"I have been a wayward pupil," she said, as she presented her gift, "and in a great measure I seem doomed to be a disappointment to you; but these jewels may atone in some degree for your ward's shortcomings."

"My dearest Elizabeth!" exclaimed Mrs. Casterton, ecstatically; but the young lady had not stayed to hear her thanks, and in the morning there was an outcry that she was missing.

She had left the house, accompanied by the steady housemaid, to attend early service, as was her custom, at the church in the square close by; but at the end of the prayers there had been a celebration of marriage, in which Elizabeth Vere was the bride and Frank Harborne the bridegroom.

The vessel in which they were to voyage to Australia had been tugged out of the docks on the previous night, but they were able to go on board at Gravesend; and when Mrs. Casterton was disturbed at her late breakfast with the tidings of her niece's disappearance, Lizzie was standing on the deck of the 'Dunraven,' between her happy husband and her father, with such a face of smiling content as she had been wont to wear in the old farmhouse in Cumberland.

Mrs. Casterton had the valuable set of ornaments to console her for her disappointment, but Geoffrey Davoren had nothing save a copy of the marriage certificate.

He had told Lizzie that Frank would take a bride with him but he had not guessed who that bride would be; nor did he ever know that when Lizzie was leaving the dining-room, heartbroken by the false tidings he had told so glibly, a glimpse of her aunt coming down the stairs had made her shrink back into the room and retreat behind the curtains of the nearest window, thus becoming an auditor of the schemes that, by her own woman's wit, she frustrated.

Rose Cottage.

BY B. T. CASSELL.

IT was the old, familiar story of "Two children in one hamlet born and bred." Eustace Drayton and Marion Weare had been companions in a greater or a less degree all their lives.

Relford was not a big place, and its circle of gentility, professional or otherwise, was necessarily a narrow one. The families of the leading surgeon and of the leading solicitor had been thrown much together.

Eustace and Marion, each an only child, had been playmates through the long days of childhood, and when school terms had intervened, had rejoiced with unfeigned delight in each other's regained society at the orthodox holiday seasons. They had read together, roamed the Relford fields together, quarrelled, and by-and-by healed the breach with mutual shamefacedness.

But gradually—as was inevitable—a subtle constraint stole into their friendship. They were boy and girl no longer. They were journeying beyond the golden gates into the stern arena of a censorious and work-a-day world.

Then it was that Eustace Drayton awoke suddenly to the fact that Marion Weare was lovely. In a modified sense he had recognised this before. He had known that as a lassie just entering her teens Marion was prettier than any other girl in Relford. He had heard her styled "the belle of Rose Cottage," and had half resented the title as tending to arouse sentiments of pride in the maiden's heart, and to set her on an eminence far above his plain, homely self.

Most pretty girls gave themselves airs, he believed, and he wanted his ancient ally to continue ingenuous and frolicsome, and in nowise to presume upon privileges of sex and beauty. But in spite of all this superficial enlightenment, the conviction of Marion's sweet and manifold charms came to Eustace Drayton at last with the force of a veritable revelation.

The young man stood at the rustic garden gate of Rose Cottage one mellow autumn evening chatting with the solicitor. Marion caught a glimpse of his stalwart form through the open drawing-room window, and, throwing a light wrap around her shoulders, she tripped gaily down the broad path to greet him.

As she advanced, the declining sun bathed her graceful figure with a golden glory. King Sol is an eloquent painter, and he bestowed his whole wealth of effect upon this piquant subject. Eustace Drayton looked up at the sound of the footsteps, took in, as if magnetically, the full details of the lovely vision, and whispered under his breath the one significant word, "Bewitching!"

From the moment his fate was sealed. Friendship had blossomed into love, and he was Marion's captive.

But the girl was as yet conscious of no change. She was as vivacious and blithe-hearted as ever.

Eustace Drayton had gone through the prescribed course of study with considerable credit, and had formally entered his father's profession. But a question still undecided was that of the arena of his future career.

His father wished him to take a share of the local practice, and urged the desire with arguments of both a personal and a monetary character. The business was lucrative. A partnership would be the lightening of a burden which was beginning to grow heavy on the aged shoulders, and would provide with ease, and a strong measure of certainty, for the ultimate reversion of the whole to the son.

The difficulty lay in the fact that Eustace was ambitious. The life of a retired country surgeon was by no means the aim on which, from very early years, his gaze had been fixed. He wanted scope for the display of his talents—an existence less humdrum and monotonous. Nevertheless, if Marion Weare would promise to share his lot, he would cheerfully stay.

He found a chance to ask her. Fearing no such ordeal as that prepared, the girl herself led the conversation, one memorable afternoon, in the desired direction.

"And have you really made up your mind to settle amongst us, and take care of the fragile Relford constitutions in your turn, Mr. Drayton?" she asked.

The young man hesitated a moment, as a strong swimmer may hesitate on the margin of some unfathomed stream. But his resolution to know his fate was firm, and his reply was also a question.

"My father is continually urging it upon me," he said. "Dare I hope that you would also wish it, Marion?"

"It would be pleasant for papa, and for all of us, of course," the maiden answered, evasively. The sudden warmth in Eustace's tone puzzled her.

"I had certainly formed other plans, harbored other dreams," Eustace continued; "but if—something else—duty and love, combine to keep me in Relford, I shall submit. Marion, the decision is for you to make. Surely I am speaking plainly, and, I trust, not too abruptly. I have loved you all my life, it seems to me, Marion. Can you promise to be my wife, one day?"

If a sudden earth-tremor had shattered the cabinet of bric-a-brac at her side, Marion Weare could scarcely have suffered a more bewildering shock. First, she paled, then a rose-red wave of color went up to her very temples, then the carmine ebbed anew.

"Mr. Drayton! This is indeed abrupt! I had no idea of—of—what you tell me," she stammered.

"And every word is true, Marion. My own life is not dearer to me, I think, than you, and the consideration of your happiness," the wooer went passionately on. Words and pleas were coming in a hot lava tide now the crust of conventionality was once broken.

But Eustace's very vehemence hindered the attainment of his purpose. The girl was frightened by this unexpected lifting of the veil. She misdoubted the sentiments of her own heart, and judged that for a surrender so complete she could by no possibility make adequate return.

"I am sorry—so sorry, that you have said this, Mr. Drayton," she replied, in low, quivering accents, after a harassing pause. "We have been so happy and free together, and now——"

"We must be all to each other, or very nearly nothing. You are quite right, Marion."

Marion shivered a little, and two great tears formed beneath her silken eyelashes. "And now there must be—a change," she said, taking no other heed of the interruption. "I thank you for the honor you have done me, for the—the too kindly estimate you have formed, but I dare not give the answer you desire. I must at any rate have a long, long time to think. Some other girl, Mr. Drayton, will make you happy——"

"There is but one girl in the world for me."

"And I should miserably fail. It is impossible. I cannot consent, Mr. Drayton. I am very sorry."

And neither argument nor appeal could shake this position.

Gloomy and depressed by the untoward result of the interview, Eustace Drayton strode rapidly along the dusty highway in the direction of his home.

"I might have guessed that so pretty a girl wouldn't drop like a ripe plum into the mouth of the first clown who happened to pass by and admire," he soliloquised, bitterly. "She deserves a wealthy suitor, of course—one who can dress her in fashionable silks and furbelows, and surround her with luxury, as portraits of court beauties are surrounded with gilt frames. A poor surgeon is completely out of the running;—hasn't a ghost of a chance. Ah, well, the madness is ended now, and I have awakened."

At this instant the sound of wheels broke on his ears from behind, and, a little later, he recognised the familiar trot of Cromwell, his father's favorite nag. Eustace was soon overtaken.

"It was a bad case, that of Malion, at Worley Infirmary. He is improving much more swiftly than I expected," said Philip Drayton, when his son had mounted into the seat by his side.

"I am glad to hear it, father," the young man answered. "I confess that, like yourself, I am surprised that he should mend otherwise than by slow and almost imperceptible stages."

"He has a good constitution—must have. By-the way, I heard a piece of news in the town—news to me, at least. The intelligence may possibly not be fresh to you. It concerns our friends, the Weares."

Eustace started; and if his father's attention had not been occupied at the moment by the task of steering his horse round a somewhat awkward corner, the sudden pallor on the junior's face might easily have betrayed his secret.

"Indeed!" Eustace managed to ejaculate.

"Yes. It is currently reported that an engagement has been contracted, or is on the point of being contracted, between Marion Weare and young Stokes, of Moor House. It'll be a capital match for the girl if the story—a very circumstantial one—turns out to be correct."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir." To his own ears Eustace's voice seemed hollow and far-off. But the noise of the wheels and the soughing of the rising gale through the neighboring plantation prevented his parent from noticing anything abnormal.

"And as an old friend, I shall rejoice in her good fortune," Philip Drayton continued. "I had a notion at one time that Marion and you might suit each other, Eustace. But that was when you were a school-boy, and she the merriest, most mischief-working fairy I ever knew. You are both a good bit older now, and the outlook has inevitably changed. I've observed frequently that acquaintanceship in very early life rarely leads to a matrimonial bargain between young people. May be, here as elsewhere, a little extra knowledge is a dangerous thing. Ha! ha!"

The old man's mirth was not infectious; but to obviate discovery of his real feelings the victim masked his features with the woe-begone reflection of a smile. Every word of this speech had stabbed the listener like a stiletto—especially the final sentences. But the garrulous parent had no suspicion of the pain he was inflicting.

So the reason of Eustace's rejection was not long to remain hidden. He had a rival in his suit—a rival who in all points fulfilled the requirements on which Eustace in his dreary monologue had laid such savage stress. Marion proposed to marry Frank Stokes, the son of a retired old dry goods' merchant, who had recently settled on the outskirts of Relford. As Philip Drayton had said, it was a good match. Wealth to beauty. How could the laws of Vanity Fair be more fittingly observed?

Arrived at the surgery, Eustace found some letters awaiting him; and as fate would have it, one of these was from a firm of well-known shipping agents. A son of one of the partners had been a town friend of the young surgeon's, and by his influence the offer was now made of an appointment on board the *Queen Katherine*, a fine steamer, bound for Australia. The terms were good, and to one of a roving disposition the opportunity would at any time have had its charms. In his present mood of cynical despair the proposal wore to Eustace an aspect of irresistible fascination.

He at once laid it before his father, and announced his determination to accept. Philip Drayton was wrathful, and a parting in anger took place, which probably both father and son—as is generally the case with feuds between near and dear relatives—afterwards regretted.

In a very few weeks Eustace was on the deep, trying that old recipe for sorrow and disappointment—excitement and continual change.

The voyage was uneventful until its close. Then, as the *Queen Katherine* was heading into harbor, an accident occurred. A child belonging to one of the passengers nearly fell overboard, and Eustace sprang to save her. In some way his foot slipped, and instead of rescuing the little one, he himself reeled heavily forward against one of the ship's boats, and received a contusion of the brain that caused his life to be despaired of.

For weeks Eustace lay in a Melbourne Hospital. It was the New Year before he could walk even a few yards. Out in the grounds one sultry forenoon he found a juvenile patient amusing himself by cutting grotesque figures out of newspapers.

Patting the little fellow's curly head, and praising his skill and industry, Eustace carelessly took up the counterfeit presentment of a very abnormal elephant. A sudden ague fit seemed to seize him, and he almost fell. Before his eyes, in a wavering mist, ran these words:—"At St. Augustine's Church, Relford, by the Rev. Randolph Gregory, Frank Stokes, son of Jabez Stokes, Esq., of Moor House, Relford, to Marion ——"

At that point the ruthless scissors had intervened, and the conclusion of the announcement was lost. To the reader it seemed well that the paragraph should end abruptly. As it was, he comprehended enough—more than enough. The past had not yet lost its power, and by the perusal of these brief lines an old wound had been reopened.

* * * * *

The years had passed. Eustace Drayton had wandered far and wide, seeking for some spell to exercise the melancholy which still at times overcame him. With home he corresponded but little; pride standing as a barrier between his parent and himself. From the letters which did pass, it was clear that his father was even yet unreconciled to his—Eustace's—absence. At last the young man formed a resolution to return, almost as abruptly as he had previously reached the decision of departure. It is possible that a casual reference in one of Philip Drayton's laconic epistles to events of which Eustace possessed no chronicle—a reference which, for this reason, Eustace was at a loss to understand—may have influenced the determination.

"I am lonelier than ever now, for my old friend and companion, Henry Weare, has been suddenly smitten down," the aged surgeon wrote. "Poor fellow! We all thought he was well-to-do; but this, it seems, is a mistake. His widow and his child are penniless!"

How could Marion be penniless, when she was safely married to a man of wealth and position? Had any prior catastrophe occurred, of which Eustace had no information? Here was a mystery, which haunted both his sleeping and his waking thoughts, and could best be solved in England. He was in America at the date of receiving the letter, and within a week he had taken passage on board a Cunard steamer.

Slowly the express drew into the bustling terminus. Eustace was in the world's metropolis again. He was leaning lazily back in his comfortably-padded compartment, and watching the passing phantasmagoria of an out-going train. One by one the cars, now full, now empty, crept by. A stifled cry slipped unwittingly from Eustace's lips, and he sprang impulsively to his feet. He had recognised a slight, graceful figure, in the unfamiliar garb of mourning, and a pale, saddened face, which in earlier days he had so often seen wreathed with a smile. And Marion's gaze had met his own. Even in that second or two, the flash of recognition had been mutual. The proof was in the expression of startled, indefinable yearning which gained possession of the girl's features, and, in a sense, was a new puzzle to Eustace.

There is no truer saying than that many waters cannot quench love. A passion which once obtains a deep, strong grip of a worthy heart may defy change, disaster, the slow corroding of the ebbing years, even death itself. There is an immortality in true love, beside which all manner passions are as evanescent as morning mists. And such an affection was that which was still unconquered in Eustace Drayton's soul. If Marion was another's, as he had so long believed her, he would still fight manfully on for the victory over vain regrets, and he trusted, one day, obtain it. Only, if she were in trouble, he would find some means to help her, in the sacred name of friendship. If he could accomplish this without Marion's cognizance, he would rejoice the more.

"So you have returned to Relford for a settlement after all, Eustace?" said the pleased old surgeon. "Better late than never, better late than never. I daresay, in your rambles you've found no place like home. Ha, ha! Young folks are apt to sneer at that old-fashioned proverb, but, like my pet meerschaum here, there's a deal of wear in it yet."

"It's a very true maxim, sir," answered Eustace. Then, in an altered, graver tone—"A good many changes have, no doubt, taken place in Relford during my absence. Have the Weares left?" he asked.

"Yes; they have gone to the city to reside."

"How is—Mrs. Stokes?"

"Mrs. Stokes! Very well, I believe. Travelling with her husband in Norway, just now."

There was a strange din in Eustace's ears, and every pulse in his body was beating furiously. Clearly there was a blunder somewhere. Could it be that Marion Weare was Marion Weare still?—that the elephant in the Melbourne hospital had been a mendacious animal!

"Miss Weare, I mean; I thought Frank Stokes married—Marion!"

Try as he would to preserve an even, conversational tone, the young man's accents faltered over this loved name. His father observed his agitation, and a sudden glim-

mer of enlightenment pierced Philip Drayton's mind.

"Nonsense!" he answered. "There was a rumor that it would be so, certainly—I remember telling you of it—but it turned out false; or, at any rate, it was never translated into fact. Frank Stokes married Miss Marion Anstell of the Priory, a first cousin of my friend's daughter, but a very different individual—a plain, blue-stocking sort of lady, three years older than Frank—but rich; and money counts for much, you know."

It is to be feared that Eustace was paying but slight attention to this detailed explanation. Light had broken over a dark horizon, and he was madly jubilant. He was laboring to realise all that might be implied by the revelation. Marion was free, and he had still a chance, then. He would find her, tell her all, and a second time plead his cause.

He had little difficulty in doing this, for his father readily supplied him with the required address.

The girl evinced far less surprise at the visit than would probably have been the case forty-eight hours before.

"So it *was* you, then, Mr. Drayton, whom I saw at Euston yesterday," she said; "the glimpse was as fleeting as it was accidental; but I was almost sure I was right. Have you been long in England?"

"I had just arrived when you saw me. Marion, such an encounter as that should be more than a coincidence—it should be a prophecy. You know—you will scarcely have forgotten—what I told you—the question I asked—in your Retford drawing-room years ago. You refused me a reply then, and I went away in foolish anger and resentment. I have suffered much in the interval, for I supposed you were wedded to another. I have only lately learned it is not so. Marion, the cry of my heart is still the same. You, and you alone, can satisfy it. Have you any love to give me?"

The maiden's face had been averted; but now she shyly lifted it, and a strange, triumphant gladness was beaming thereupon.

"I was wrong that day; I did not know the language of my own heart," she said. "When you were gone—I understood—a little. Marry another I never could; and, somehow—Eustace—I was sure you would be steadfast. I had only to wait."

Eustace drew her to himself, and kissed her.

"The waiting has tested us both," he said, gravely; "and our future life will be the better for it, for henceforth we shall wholly trust each other."

The storm-clouds had rolled away, and the sun was shining on two faithful hearts.

CURIOSITIES OF DISCIPLINE.

THERE is a fine ring of the best war spirit in the sentence of an old officer: "A soldier ought to fear nothing but God and dishonor." And there is the true French wit and insight in that of Helvetius: "Discipline is but the art of inspiring soldiers with more fear for their own officers than they have for the enemy." In the Prussian army, till 1870, marriages were legally null and void, and the offspring of them illegitimate in the case of officers marrying without royal consent, or of subordinate officers without the consent of the commander of the regiments. But after the Franco-German war so great was the social disorder found to be consequent upon those restrictions, that a special law had to be made to remove the bar of illegitimacy from the marriages in question.

In the English army the inability of privates to marry before the completion of seven years' service, and the possession of at least one badge, and then only with the consent of the commanding officer, is a custom so entirely contrary to the liberty enjoyed in other walks of life, that, whatever its incidental advantages, it can scarcely fail to act as a deterring motive when the choice of a career becomes a subject of reflection.

Nero himself could scarcely have devised a more excruciating punishment than the old military one of riding the Wooden Horse, when the victim was made to straddle planks nailed together in a sharp point or edge.

Many of the devices are curious by which an indifference to the law has been matured and sustained. In ancient Athens the privileges were closed to those who evaded military service, who deserted their ranks or lost their bucklers; whilst another law constrained such offenders to sit for three days in the public forum dressed in the garments of a woman. Many a Spartan mother would stab her son who came back alive from a defeat; and such a man, if he escaped his mother, was debarred from any civil or public offices but from magistracies, exposed to the blows of all who chose to strike him, compelled to dress in mean clothing, and to wear his beard only partly trimmed.

In some way a Norse soldier who fled, or lost his shield, or received a wound in any save the front part of the body, was by law prevented from ever afterwards appearing in public. Marshal Saxe held musketry fire in such contempt that he even went so far as to advocate the entire disuse of the latter, and a return to the cold steel customary in earlier times. The long hours of sentry duty, popularly called "Sentry Go," constitute one of the greatest hardships of military life.

Guard duty in England, recurring at short periods, lasts a whole day and night, every four hours of the twenty-four being spent in atonement in the guard room, and every intervening two hours on active sentry, time making in all—sixteen hours in the guard room and eight on the sentry post. The voluntary sufferings of the saints, or the self inflicted hardships of sport, pale before the two hours sentry go on a winter's night. That it is that kills the soldiers more fatally than an enemy's cannon, and is borne with more admirable patience than the hardships of a siege.

How He Wrote His Name.—At New Orleans a case was recently decided in a most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. Both parties were Irish, and full of grit, ready to spend all they had rather than give up beat.

The case had been carefully investigated, but the court was in a decided quandary, not knowing who had the best claim to the garment.

However, a moment before his Honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair:

"Timothy Maguire," said Patrick, "now ye say that coat belongs to yersilf intoirely. I say it is me own. Now, mesind ye, Timothy, the both av us will take the coat and look at it all over; the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner. Will ye shtick to that bargain?"

"To be shure," said Timothy, to whom the coat was given; and who, having vainly searched every part of it for his name, passed it over to Patrick, saying, in a boastful way:

"An' now let's see if ye can be findin' the likes av yer name upon the garment."

"Ye'll shtick to the bargain?" said Patrick?" grasping the coat.

"Upon the honor av a man," was Timothy's reply.

"Thin hould on a bit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar. At last, taking therefrom two very small peas, he exclaimed, as he held them out in his hand:

"There, d'ye see that?"

"Av course I do; but what av that?" said Timothy.

"A mighty dale av that, I can tell ye; it is me name, to be shure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power. Now shtick to the agreament!"

Patrick got the coat.

India's Mystery.—A mystery of India is thus explained by a recent writer: "A tunnel is dug from the grave to the neighboring jungle; the grave itself is partly prepared. The subject is then in sight of the spectators, prepared by having his ears and nostrils filled with wax, and his tongue turned back. He is then apparently buried, creeps through the tunnel, and gets away. After a stated interval he creeps back again, is dug up apparently lifeless, and restored with infinite pains."

What an Eminent Lecturer Said.

Prominent among gentlemen who have attained a national reputation, is Mr. Edward L. Wilson, of Philadelphia, a natural artist, a superior photographer, and a fascinating speaker. In winter he addresses large audiences, and in summer he gives illustrated lectures at the various camps of moral and religious instruction throughout the country.

In consequence of close application to his professional duties, Mr. Wilson became a confirmed invalid. His disorder, later connected with photographing the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, when he had charge of over a hundred artists and workmen, first impaired his naturally strong constitution.

To a representative of a city paper, who called upon Mr. Wilson, he gave the following relation in regard to his loss of health and subsequent complete restoration:

"The strain on me had been too great. I went down, down, gradually. I became so prostrated that I could not sleep more than an hour or two in the course of the night. I suffered with acute neuralgia, and with headache, which, when they came on suddenly, would render me powerless to think or act. My appetite became capricious, and my digestion demoralized. My throat gave me trouble, and I began to be afraid of Chronic Bronchitis. One day, five or six years ago, a friend who had been cured of rheumatism by Compound Oxygen, said to me: 'Why don't you try Compound Oxygen?' I laughed at the idea, for I had no faith that such a thing could reach my case. But I consulted Drs. Starkey & Palen, at their office, in Girard street, and concluded to give their Treatment a thorough trial.

"In less than a month I began to feel a great change. My headaches became less frequent, and I began to get better sleep. The strained, wearied feeling of the body from which I had long suffered, departed, and with it the mental depression under which I had labored. Throat trouble went away, and I had a decided increase in lung power. My good appetite returned, my digestive organs disposed of all the food I gave them, and I was as good as new. * *

"I have since engaged in my old duties with more than my former activity, and often in the open air, without my throat trouble. I attend, without difficulty, to the details of my large photographic business. I can work, as a general thing, about seventeen hours in a day, and my work seldom tires me."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases will be sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ABOUT BALL GAMES.

BASE BALL is one of the oldest games in the world. Homer tells us that they played hand-ball before the destruction of Troy, 1000 years before Our Lord, and, according to Herodotus, the real invention of the game is due to the Lydians. In England, according to an old manuscript in Oxford College, written in the fourteenth century, it says of St. Cuthbert, "He pleyde atte balle with the children that his fellowes were." Fitzstephen, a writer of the thirteenth century, refers to the London schoolboys playing ball on Shrove Tuesday. Exactly what game they played is not known. Stowe thinks it was bat and ball; others think it was foot-ball. The latter game was first played in England during the reign of Edward III. In 1349 for the strange reason that it prevented the progress of archery, it was prohibited by a royal edict.

King James put a stop to the game from the number of accidents that arose from it, and the decree was in the following words: "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises, as the football, meeter for laneing than making able the users thereof." Balls were made in those days of blown bladders covered with leather. There was a curious custom then in the city of Chester. On every Shrove Tuesday the shoemakers of a town presented to the drapers a football valued at three shillings. The presentation was made in a public place, the Mayor and all the city dignitaries being there to witness the game. In 1540, however, the custom was given up, and, instead of a ball, a sum of silver was given to the best runner.

Bats were used in very ancient times; bat and ball was called goff, and was much like the Roman game. The ball was of leather, and filled with feathers, and called paganica, because it was used by the lower classes mostly. The bats then were curved like the shinny stick of to-day. The bat was called a bandy, from its shape. Some of the manuscripts of the fourteenth century contain pictures of them and the players.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century it was the fashionable game, as polo and lawn tennis are now. In James II.'s time, pall-mall was the great game; also in Charles II.'s reign. The Pall Mall in St. James's Park, London, is named from the fact that there Charles and his courtiers amused themselves. They used a mallet instead of a bandy. Straight bats, like cricket bats, came into use about the year 1300 in England. In a manuscript of the Bodleian Library, dated 1342, there are several pictures illustrating what we call knock up and catch. In one a girl is throwing a ball; and earlier than this, pictures are found in the genealogical rolls of the kings of England to the time of Henry III. The great game for women was stool ball, and it played to this day in some parts of north England, and in different ways. Sometimes the players sat on stools and passed the ball about.

The old French had their games, and in their palm-ball, you find probably the first modern use of gloves to protect the hands, and from this game came racket. The poorer players, who could not buy gloves, bound their hands with rope or cords to protect them and make the ball rebound. Hand-ball was a fashionable game during the time of Charles V., and the French nobles put up great sums of money on the game.

Tennis was a great game in the sixteenth century. In a vocabulary published in London in 1566, there is a picture showing a rude tennis court with the players on either side. Henry VII. was a famous tennis player, and in the Remembrancer's Office can be seen a manuscript register of his expenses in the thirteenth year of his reign, and one item runs: "Item, for the King's loss at tennis, twelvepence; for the loss of balls, threepence." The balls probably related to some other game. James I. and his son were famous ball players, and Charles II. wore a regular uniform when he played—different costumes for the various games.

How to See Wind.—Choose a windy day, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy—but not when there is rain or the air murky; in other words, let the atmosphere be dry and clear. Now take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more with a straight edge—a large hand-saw will answer the purpose very well. Hold it at right angles to the direction of the wind—that is, if the wind be north, hold your surface east and west, inclining it about forty-five degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking against it may flow over the edge. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply-defined object, and you will see the air flow over as water flows over a dam. The result is even better when the sun is obscured.

Never.

Mrs. HELEN LEIKEM, West Mellenry, Ill., two years ago used Warner's Safe Nervine for complete nervous prostration. August, 1884, she wrote: "I have never enjoyed such good health, have had no return of my old trouble." Try it.

Text for a Sermon to Everyone.

Rev. S. P. SMITH, (Universalist) of Marblehead, Mass., suffered for years from bilious attacks and gall stones. In January, 1883, he was cured by Warner's Safe Cure. June 2nd, 1884, he says: "There has been no return of the bilious troubles; I have not experienced the least pain or suffering since my restoration by Warner's Safe Cure." Cure permanent.

The Trials of a Minister.

THE REV. J. P. ARNOLD, (Baptist.) Camden, Tenn., in 1873 was taken with Bright's Disease, which produced two large abscesses. In 1878 another abscess formed which discharged for eighteen months. In 1881 two abscesses formed. He then began Warner's Safe Cure, "which restored me to perfect health." and June, 1883, he wrote, 'my health is as good as ever." Try it!

If You Doubt, Try It and See.

D. M. DEWEY, of Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1882, wrote, "One of the most prominent physicians here found 22 grains of sugar to the fluid ounce of my urine; was unable to benefit me. I then began using Warner's Safe *Diabetes* Cure, and Warner's Safe *Pills*. Having used five bottles of each, I found myself cured." N. B.—Mr. Dewey remains well.

"Seven."

DAVID TOOKE, Esq., Columbus, Texas, in 1879, was afflicted with black Jaundice, followed by hemorrhage of the kidneys, and was pronounced incurable. Seven bottles of Warner's Safe Cure restored him to health in 1880, and July 1st, 1884, he writes, "My health has been excellent ever since." Try it, Try it!

A Campaigner's Experience.

LAWRENCE MIX, Esq., Warsaw, N. Y., a well known campaign orator, in 1882 took 15 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure for kidney trouble, (after many physicians of excellent standing had given him up), and was cured. December 9th, 1884, he says, "I have had no serious return of my trouble, and so conclude that **my cure is permanent.**

A Woman's Happy Release.

MRS. E. F. DOLLOFF, Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 6th, 1881, said she had been cured of inflammation of the bladder by five bottles of Warner's Safe Cure. December 24th, 1884, Mr. Dolloff wrote. "Mrs. Dolloff has never seen a sick day from that inflammatory disease since Warner's Safe Cure cured her in 1881." Cure permanent.

FRANCIS L. DOW, assistant police marshal, Taunton, Mass., three years ago was cured of stone in the kidney and bladder by Warner's Safe Cure, and in June, 1884, he wrote, "I have not seen a sick day since I began Warner's Safe Cure and never felt better; have gained eighteen pounds."

Haven't You Felt Just So?

ISAAC N. WOOD, Fishkill, N. Y., July, 1884, writes, "It is two years ago last spring since Warner's Safe Cure cured me. I was called a dead man but that medicine brought me to life. I take a few bottles every spring to keep me right." He was afflicted for six years with pains in the back, ending in kidney hemorrhage. Cure permanent.

The Farmer's Heavy Debt.

A. WAY, Navarino, N. Y., in 1879, was afflicted with neuralgia, ringing sensation in his ears, hacking cough, pain in the back, irregular urination, dropsy, nausea, and spasms of acute pain in the back. Then came chills and fever. The doctors gave him up, but after using 22 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, he said, "I am hale, hearty and happy." On June 25th, 1884, he writes, "My health was never better. I owe my existence to Warner's Safe Cure," Cure permanent.

"Wonders."

E. H. BECKWITH, Norwich, Conn., Dec. 18th 1884, stated, "I owe my life to Warner's Safe *Diabetes* Cure; when I began its use I passed ten quarts of water daily, which contained 14 per cent. of sugar; after using seven dozen bottles my doctor pronounced the water free from sugar; it has done wonders for me."

"O! Suffering Woman!"

C. F. B. HASKELL, formerly of Vernon, Vt., now locating engineer on the B. C. R. and N. Railroad, Dakota, stated in 1883, that his wife was utterly prostrated with female difficulties and did not seem to be amenable to physicians' remedies. She could not sleep, trembled like a leaf, periodically lost her reason. They then began the use of Warner's Safe Cure. Writing in July, 1884, from Dakota, Mr. Haskell says, "My wife has never seen the slightest inclination of a return of the difficulties Warner's Safe Cure removed." Try it, O, suffering woman!

A Notable Arrest.

C. H. OBERBECK, Deputy Sheriff, St. Louis, Mo., in 1882 took Warner's Safe Cure for a very severe kidney and liver complaint; he had lost 75 pounds in weight under the doctor's care. Five bottles of Warner's Safe Cure arrested and cured the disease, and December, 1884, he wrote, "I now weigh 200 pounds and never felt better in my life. I recommend Warner's Safe Cure."

In one of the Mexican churches there has been standing since the time of Cortes a solid silver balustrade, but recently it was taken down and 80,000 silver dollars coined from it.

Our Young Folks.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

BY PIPER.

TREGARRICK CREEK runs into the sea. Railways, I was going to say roads, are few and far between in that neighborhood, and when you have said that, it stands to reason that visitors are rare too.

The poorer people, as may be supposed, find their living chiefly by fishing.

The fishermen would have a thriving trade if it were not so difficult for them to dispose of their fish. The big houses have to do their best, but then there are so few of them, and these, with one exception, can only be called big by comparison.

The one exception is Pengarrick Court, which belongs to the squire, Sir Charles Walton. It lies about a mile from the Creek, and is famous for its fine trees, which are rare in that neighborhood and thought a good deal of by the people. They are all proud of the Court, and contemptuous towards strangers to whom it is unknown. They are proud of the Waltons, who have lived there, father and son, for a good many generations.

The present Waltons have two or three daughters, but only one son, a fine, sturdy young fellow of fifteen, worshiped by his sisters, and a favorite at college. At the time of which I am writing, one April not so long ago, he was at home for the Easter holidays, and, if the truth must be told, in spite of some laughing protests from his father, the whole house was at the service of Master Robert.

"Where are you off to-day, Bob?" said his father, meeting him one morning racing up the stairs two at a time.

"Sea fishing, sir."

"Not by yourself I hope?"

"No; with Dick Treherne in his big boat."

"Well, look out. Your mother hates these boating days, you know."

"I know, sir; but there isn't really an atom of danger. Dick's awfully careful."

"Dick is your hero at present, Bob. By the way, there was one thing I wanted to say. Can't you do something for that boy at the Vicarage, Walter Redfern? It's a lonely life for a lad."

Robert's open face clouded.

"He looks such a muff," he said, under his breath.

Sir Charles was not keen on the subject, so contented himself with saying, "Well, put yourself in his place. His uncle is busy from morning to night, and the boy has no one to see after him. But please yourself."

Those were words which were very often said to Robert Walton, and which he found no difficulty in acting upon. He put aside all thought of Walter Redfern, rushed up to his room, and dragged out the tackle he wanted.

There was a fine breeze blowing; the sail to the Gull Rock would be delightful. Everything was to tell the truth, delightful; a new pony was to arrive that afternoon; the world seemed an uncommonly pleasant place, and Robert whistled with all his might as he ran down stairs again with his lines.

"Dear boy," said Lady Walton, softly to herself, as she raised her aching head to listen, the loud whistling having awakened her.

"Twice six is twelve, twice seven is fifteen," stumbled little Maud in the school room. "Oh, Miss Grey, do let me just run out for one minute!"

But Miss Grey shook her head. She had more than once begged Robert when he left the house in this exuberant manner to go down the other stairs, but he forgot all these promises in his high spirits. The little girls cast reproachful looks at Miss Grey, the multiplication table dragged itself along. Robert, with his head full of Dick Treherne, and baits, and lines, dashed out of the house and raced down the avenue to the lodge. The lodge gates were open, so that he did not pause, and running through them and turning sharply to the left, he came quite unexpectedly upon Walter Redfern. He pulled himself up at once, and for some reason, both boys grew a little red. Walter was the first to recover himself.

"I am going up to the Court with some books from my uncle," he said.

"Oh," said Robert, rather awkwardly. He was looking at Walter, and the thought had flashed into his mind whether he would ask him to come out to the Gull Rock. "But I can't," he said, promptly, to himself, "the fellow looks such a muff."

Certainly appearances were against Walter. He felt it himself as he stood by Robert; Robert, well-built, open-faced, ruddy; he, slight, pale, a little deformed, dressed, moreover, in clothes out of which he had grown. He accepted the contrast at once with a sigh.

"I'm afraid I can't go back, Dick Treherne is waiting for me at the Creek," said Robert, a little stiffly.

"No, don't stop. I hope you'll have a good time," returned Walter.

He spoke cheerfully, but there was not very cheerful thoughts in his heart as he stood looking after Robert. The contrast would grow so very big as he looked. He knew, for he was never tired of hearing what was said on the subject, what a favorite the young fellow was. He knew how much the fisherman liked him, partly to be sure, because he was a Walton, but still more because of his brave looks, and daring ways, and frank speech. He know very well the story of little Tom Treherne falling into the water one rough day when none of the men were about, and of Robert jumping in and dragging him out of the waves at no little danger to himself. He would have given all he had to give to have had Robert for a friend, but—he glanced down at his own thin limbs and shabby clothes and laughed bitterly—was it likely? What was there in him to make Robert care for him as a companion? What had he ever done, or what was he likely to do, to equal the other's doings? Poor Walter. He was an orphan, whose years had been spent in a great city; now that he had come to live with his uncle, he felt strangely lonely and friendless.

All that was stronger, and bolder, and braver than himself, he looked up to and admired with his whole heart, with no touch of envy to mar the admiration, but somehow, after his encounter with Robert, he felt sadder than he had ever felt before. Before he went home, he stopped on the top of the cliff and watched Treherne's boat sailing gaily over the bright waters, and pictured to himself Robert's open face, and the wind blowing the hair from his forehead. He would have gone to the Creek later on to see them land but that a fit of shyness prevented him.

The next day was so fine that most of the fishing boats were out. Walter's uncle put him to his lessons, and then went out; the parish was a scattered one, and took the greater part of his time and energy; Walter was necessarily much alone. The boy did not leave the house till the afternoon; then he started for his favorite walk along the cliffs.

He went slowly, after stopping to look out to sea, or to listen to the larks high in the air. The path was very quiet and solitary. He met no one, until suddenly he became aware that a girl was running towards him and yelling with all her might; and the next instant realized that it was Elizabeth Walton.

"Oh, come, come, quickly, please!" were the first words he could distinguish. "Oh, poor, poor Robert!"

She was so breathless she could hardly answer his quick questions, and then it was difficult to unravel her answers; he could only gather that somehow or other Robert was over the cliff and in great danger. Walter hastily considered. He had seen no one along the path by which he had come, but there was a cottage lying to the left across a field or two where there was illness, and the man might have stayed at home. He showed Elizabeth where to go, told her to bid them bring a rope, and she darted off full of hope, while he ran as fast as he could along the cliff.

In a few minutes he saw signs. Miss Grey, the governess, was standing at the edge of the rocks, waving a handkerchief for him to hasten, two younger children were crouching, clutching her dress, and a dog peered over the edge. As he ran up, she cried out in voice of bitter disappointment:

"Oh, what can you do? I hoped so it was a man. Did you see Elizabeth? Did you see anyone who could help? Oh, the poor boy will never be able to hold on."

"Is he over there?" cried Walter, horror-struck.

She turned her head, and pointed downwards, with a shudder.

"He cannot move either way; he was getting eggs. He has been there so long he is quite exhausted; we only passed by chance, and saw the dog and his hat. If you lie down you will see where he is."

Walter flung himself on the turf and gazed over. He could see part of the boy's figure, the rest was hidden by a projection. he was lying across a slender sapling, and seemed unable to move. Walter shouted, "Help will soon be here, keep a good heart." He fancied there was a movement, but no answer came back.

"Can't you go down?" said Miss Grey, impatiently.

Could he? He looked desperately again. He had not a strong head, to go would be certain death, but he would have faced death if it could have brought life to Robert. If he could not, no help could reach him that way, and he drew back and considered again. "Hark!" he cried, suddenly. There was a shout, he was sure of it, and the next moment he saw a man running and waving, and Elizabeth running behind. Miss Grey cried out in ecstasy, once more Walter leaned over and called out, "Help has come; we will soon get you up."

Is there any moment so dreadful as that in which a great hope dies out? Miss Grey had caught the arm of the old sailor, when her words stopped suddenly—were stopped by the look on his face.

"I can't go over there, missis," he said, slowly. "There's only one or two as can, and I'm too old."

"Haven't you got a rope?" she faltered.

"Aye," he said, pulling one out of his pocket, "but he ain't much of it. 'Twas the only one in the house, and he won't bear my weight, nor half of it; I'm half afeared 'twon't bear Master Robert's neither, but we can put it over and see what he says."

The rope—a frail thing it looked—dangled over the cliff, Hurst shook his head encouragingly to Robert, but though the boy saw his hand moved feebly, he did not seem to have the power of making any effort to secure this means of deliverance. Suddenly Walter stood up.

"Fasten it round me," he said. "I will go down."

"God bless you," sobbed Miss Grey.

The old sailor looked him over from top to toe. "You?" he said, disparagingly; "you, a bit of a boy, don't look fit for it. Have you a good head?"

"No," said the boy, desperately. "But I am going," he added.

Hurst shook his head, but said no more to discourage him. Perhaps he felt it was Robert's only chance, and Robert's life was a valuable one in the eyes of the Tregarrick people. He fastened the rope under his arms, muttering to himself as he did so upon the ill-luck of having such a poor one. Miss Grey turned away and covered her eyes, and Elizabeth Walton walked up to Walter with a brave look in hers.

"We shall pray for you and for Robert just alike," she said, putting her hand in his. It was a little thing, but it seemed to give him strength.

He did not realise anything very clearly after this. A sickening giddiness, a feeling as if he were hanging between earth and heaven, slips and strains, a sudden, swift consciousness of the weakness of the rope, an idea that he was falling, falling; then the knowledge that as yet he was safe, and that Hurst was shouting directions which he was too much bewildered to take in, then clearer understanding, a quick prayer and fresh courage, and almost before he knew where he was, he found that he had reached Robert.

It was well that his senses had come back to him, for he wanted them all. Robert had hurt his leg, was stiff and spent by the long and dreadful waiting, and almost helpless. Walter unfastened the rope from himself, tied it round the other, shouted to Hurst to pull, saw, with a terrible anxiety, the boy swing off, and then, realising his own awful position, and the slenderness of his hold to the feeble sapling, already so much weakened by Robert's struggles, he fixed his eyes on the grey clouds, and tried to prepare himself for death.

There were two great horrors in his mind, one that the rope would break, and Robert falling before his eyes be dashed to pieces below; the other that an inclination to fling himself down would overmaster him. How long he fought against these he never knew. He was fully conscious of cries and shouts, but could not take in their meaning. He only knew that no rope came down to draw him up to safety, and once he thought he had been there so many hours that they must have gone and left him to his fate. Then he, too, tried to shout, but he could not hear his own voice, the sapling yielded more and more down below—Oh, God, have mercy!—and yet, even at that moment, a smile stole over his white face. Robert was safe, and he had saved him. He knew no more.

* * * * * *

When he opened his eyes he saw the grey clouds again first, then faces, Miss Grey's, Elizabeth's, Robert's. A big young sailor was standing by coiling up a length of tarred rope; old Hurst, with a grin on his face, knelt on the short turf.

"Dead nor nothing like it," he was saying.

By-and-by Walter understood something. When Robert was drawn up, the rope, fretted and chafed by the rocks, could bear no more; it was Elizabeth who, in this dilemma, got help, for she saw a man in a boat, and making signs to him he understood enough to clamber up to them with a rope in his pocket, and a boy to help him. The boy was already sent to the Court, and if after this adventure there was a hero at Tregarrick, that hero was Walter Redfern; and if ever two boys became firm friends, those boys were Walter and Robert. It is a friendship which has changed the life of one, and may modify the character of the other. All the better, we may be sure, for both.

THE LIVING-ROOM.—No matter how plainly-furnished it may be, if it has a sunny exposure and is made beautiful with plants, the living-room becomes a place of rest for mind and body. If it has a bay window, it is rich in beauty. We can hang no pictures on our walls which can compare with the pictures lying outside our ample window. Rosy dawns, golden-hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and shine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can have and enjoy while we sit in our sheltered room as the changing year rolls on. No one can be really happy in dark rooms; they bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor. But in the light all is cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets, and ivies in the pots, let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and to our souls.

M. S.

HINTS.—It does not depend so much upon the amount of land tilled as upon the thorough and efficient manner in which it is done. If you keep cows for making butter, test each one's milk separately, and see if she is performing the work for which you keep her. Many of the most valuable portions of the manure are soluble in water, and easily carried off by rains. It should be, therefore, sheltered, or else hauled to the fields and spread as fast as it accumulates. Sheep often go into a decline only because their toes have grown out so long that it becomes painful for them to stand, and they will lie around so much that the others will eat the food away from them.

To live simply is a great art.

WHEN a remedy has stood the test of more than thirty years trial, and to-day is more largely used than ever, its worth is evidently unquestioned. Such is the record of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SALT ON A BIRD'S TAIL.

WHEN you and I were youngsters, how great was our delight—not unmingled with mysterious awe—when we were told that any bird could be caught if we could only put some salt on its tail!

This piece of fresh knowledge opened to us such a glorious prospect of bird-catching that we instantly longed to empty the salt-cellar into our pockets, and to steal forth on the first opportunity, for the purpose of bringing the whole world of sparrows and robins to our conquering feet; for in those happy days, "second meanings" were not dreamt of. Only after unlimited waste of pinches of salt did we realize our sad mistake, when we either saw through the joke, or persuaded ourselves that the wisdom of our elders and betters was downright nonsense.

In after life we look upon the proverb with deep respect, even if it is mixed with a little anger at the way it duped us in years gone by. Its simple lesson is a matter of daily experience. It means that if you want to get hold of anything, you must not gape to it, nor dance to it, but come right up to it, come into such close contact with it that you could drop salt or anything else on its tail, in fact, get on a level with it as far as possible. Many birds which remain uncaught, would never fly at large if you really got near them. There is that wonderful power in a man's presence over the spirit of his fellow, that, when you have two human beings face to face, you will find that they act towards each other, and react on each other, in quite a different way from what they would if they only met on paper.

In love-making, gentlemen, it is very important to be in a position to put salt on the bird's tail. The rival who is at hand to breathe a sigh into my lady's ear, finds the way into her heart, before the letters of the absent lover (who may be twice the better man) have made the slightest impression on the affections of the fair one. In fact, the most extraordinary case I ever heard of was that of a worthy house maid, not far short of fifty years of age, who had a neat amount in the Savings Bank, and who agreed one fine morning to marry a somewhat youthful and penniless butler. And why did she agree to his request? "Well, you see, mum," said she to her mistress, "you can't sit and eat your meals opposite a man for several years, without getting a kind of liking for him!"

All mothers who wish to influence their children for good after they have grown up, should be careful to keep touch of them in early life. The mother who plays bo-peep with her infant, then hide-and-seek with it as a little child, who can show interest in the selection of a bat or a color-box, who doesn't mind how often she hears Tom's school stories, or has Jennie's friends to bread-and-jam tea—that will be the woman who, by merely putting her hand on Tom's shoulder in after life, and looking at him with "dear look," will make him desirous of pursuing a course of action or giving it up, as approval or disapproval are shown in her eye. And if, we want to exercise our influence on any class of persons, let us at once recognise that we can only do so by getting close up to them.

A lady was very anxious to teach a certain family to be clean and tidy in their cottage life. "Mrs. Jones," said she to the dirty woman, "I shall be sure and come and see you this week; please keep one chair dusted, because I shall have on a valuable dress; and when I come I shall bring some tea and drink it with you." That little plan did the business at once, for the said Mrs. Jones always thought of the valuable dress actually in her cottage on the lady's back; consequently she first dusted one chair, and then another which did not look well beside it, then she scrubbed the floor, and cleaned the cups and saucers and the kettle, and the nob, and the hearthstone, so that when the lady in her silk dress came there was a reformed home in which to sit down to tea. Now no amount of advice from the lady to the woman could do what personal contact, or rather the looking forward to it, did.

So in every relationship of life it is nearness to the object which enables you to grasp it.

Have you ever despised the grasp of a hand? the touch of the lips? the glance of an eye? Think twice before you call those things small or sentimental—they have salted more birds' tails than you or I could reckon up, were our years twice the length that they are!

S. SOBERSIDES.

LABOR.—Labor, honest labor, is right and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life and its highest relish. Luxuries and conquest are the result of labor—we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and ordinance of God. Suspend labor, and where are the glory and the pomp of earth, the fruits of the fields, the palaces and fashionings of matter for which men strive and war? Let the labor scoffer look at himself and learn what are the trophies of toil. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tricked him into the stature and appearance of a man. Where does he get his garments and equipage? Let labor answer. Labor makes music in the mine, the furrow and at the forge.

Keep your engagements punctually.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is adapted to every age and either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

DAY-BREAK.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Shows in the East a roseate streak, fresh is the air and keen,
Blushes the young day to salute the night whose reign hath been:
The dawn-breeze with a light kiss bends the dark plumes of the fir,
And with faint twittering the birds within the thickets stir.

Sinks 'neath you line of purple hills the silver orb of night
Before the golden chariot-wheels of the great god of light:
And high and higher as he mounts his splendor paints the sky,
As speed the flag'ring shades of night swift in succession by.

The fox slinks conscious to his lair, the cocks begin to crow,
For that the daylight is at hand the farm-yard sultans know;
The lark springs from the clover-field, and on his soaring wing
With burst of grateful melody to Heav'n begins to sing.

In twos and threes the milkmaids trip with merry snatch of song
And rustic interchange of jest, the field-paths green along;
Whilst standing ranged in patient groups at every meadow-gate,
With lowing glad to welcome them, the kine expectant wait.

Breasth the dawn, the cheery dawn, the balmy breath of day,
When the dark shadows of the night from earth swift pass away—
When dew-refreshed blooms every flow'r and scented is the air,
When all is full of life and hope, and all the world looks fair!

TO THE POINT.

"CAN you fight?" shouted the charity boy through the keyhole. "No, sir," replied Oliver Twist, meekly, from the other side of the door. "Then I'll whop you," was Mr. Noah Claypole's prompt rejoinder. This was to the point with a vengeance, and there are many rejoinders worth chronicling equally prompt, if not so bellicose.

A man took a seat in a barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used the day before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient man said:

"Then give me chloroform."

That was one to the customer, just as the next is one to the barber. An English gentleman, somewhat bald, entered a hairdresser's in Paris to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged two dollars.

"Two dollars!" he exclaimed, "for cutting my hair!"

"Oh, no monsieur; not for cutting your hair, but for finding the hair to cut."

There is a story of a gentleman, when advocating the utility of the public schools, saying: "Byron was a Harrow boy."

"What of that?" said an opponent; "Burns was a ploughboy."

Equally neat and ready was the woman's answer to an inquirer, who, seeing "This cottage for sale," painted on a board, politely asked a woman in front of the house when the cottage was to sell.

"Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was her quick reply.

A shabbily-dressed woman called upon a gentleman for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. He looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoirdupois of superfluous fat, and answered:

"You don't look like a person who is starving."

"I know it," she whiningly answered; "I'm bloated with grief."

A railroad engineer, saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that.

"Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much."

Well matched in politeness and readiness was a gentleman whose button caught hold of the fringe on a lady's shawl.

"I'm attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose.

"The attachment is mutual," was the good-natured reply.

Woman's wit was not badly illustrated when an idle fop said to a lady:

"My dear Miss Smith, why did you not take advantage of leap-year to get married?"

"Because I am not able to earn enough to support a husband," was the unexpected answer.

Equally ready was a young miss to whom her sweetheart said:

"You are such a strange girl, that really I don't know what to make of you."

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Charlie," she replied, "make a wife of me."

It is satisfactory to add that he did so at the earliest opportunity.

Two young married French ladies were talking about their husbands. Said one of them:

"Do you really think your Jules went shooting yesterday?"

"Well, I don't think he tried to deceive me yesterday; I'm inclined to think he went."

"But he didn't bring back any game."

"That's what makes me feel sure he did go," was the wife's reply.

The natural readiness of the Irish is well shown in an argument between a Saxon and a Celt, respecting the nationality of various great men who had lived and died. The Irishman had successively claimed each one mentioned as a countryman of his own, till at length the Englishman, somewhat nettled, inquired:

"How about Shakspeare—was he an Irishman?" to which he received the reply:

"Well, I can't say exactly; but at all events he had the ability of one."

A German paper tells a story of a certain general whose servant was in the habit of getting intoxicated. "Jacques," at last said his master to him, "I shall have to send you about your business; I hear dreadful tales of your goings-on."

"Ah, general," replied Jacques, quite unabashed, "if I believed all the bad things people say about you, I should have gone away myself long ago."

"What are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to read, write and cipher?" asked a teacher of a lazy, stupid boy, who replied:

"I'm goin' to be a schoo'master, an' make the boys do all the readin', writin', and cipherin'."

A small boy, who is one of a family of ten children, was taken out for a drive with his mother. As they drove past a cottage of two rooms, Johnnie called his mother's attention to it, who remarked that it was a very small house.

"Yes," said Johnnie, meditatively, "it's small; but it would be plenty big enough for our family if it wasn't for you and the children."

Grains of Gold.

Sighs are poor things to fly with.

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.

If you would be strong, conquer yourself.

He that gives to be seen, will relieve none in the dark.

He that payeth beforehand shall have his work ill done.

It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

He that has a great nose thinks everybody is speaking of it.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom, and poisons herself.

One man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.

If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp.

It is a long road, paved with hope, between what you expect and what you get.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun; and the two are never far apart.

The man who cannot blush, and who has no feelings of fear, has reached the acme of impudence.

Everything that looks to the future must elevate human nature; for never is life so low, or so little, as when occupied with the present.

Right habit is like the thread on which we string precious pearls—the thread is, perhaps, of no great value, but, if it be broken, the pearls are lost.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls—and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer; they shame him out of his unkind feelings.

As a rule, he is the happiest man who is contented with what he has, and is not waiting for next year, or the next decade, to have a protracted period of enjoyment.

Albeit failure in any cause produces a corresponding misery in the soul; yet it is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as a discovery of what is false leads us to seek after what is true.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

Femininities.

Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

Carbondale, Ill., has a female brass band.

When does a woman's tongue go quickest? When it is on the rail.

It is in the night time that crime stalks rampant and marriage proposals are made.

A little girl, on seeing a peacock for the first time, remarked what a beautiful bustle it had.

The Italians nurse the delusion that maternity robs a woman of her voice. Prime donne, as a rule, take very good care of their voices.

A heavy steel chain, forged by a female blacksmith of Rhode Island, is among that State's exhibits in the women's department of the New Orleans Exposition.

"I read Brown's novel to-day," she remarked. "How did it turn out?" he inquired. "Badly. The ending is very sad." "Ah?" "Yes; she married him."

Edith—They "sat in the gloaming" means that they occupied one chair. A gloaming may be obtained at any fashionable furniture store. No parlor is complete without it."

Little is to be gained in this world unless it is paid for. Gold demands a fair equivalent, and the woman who would be well treated, must show herself worthy of such treatment.

"Say, Mr. Snubby, can you play cards?" "Why, no, Johnny, I can't play very well." "Well, then, you'd better look out, for ma says if Emma plays her cards well she'll catch you."

Young ladies who contemplate becoming wives, remember that husbands can't live on love alone—they must have something more substantial, and, as a rule, they want it well cooked.

A guileless Western girl wrote to her adorer thus: "Don't come to see me any more just yet, John, for father has been having his boots half-soled and two rows of nails around the toes."

"It is a beautiful thing to see a husband and wife of one mind," remarked Mrs. Bloggins. "Yes," replied Mr. Bloggins: "but then it makes a good deal of difference who carries the mind."

Scene—Parlor at tea-time. Little girl—"Oh, mamma, I've burned my mouth!" Mamma—"Tut, tut, you silly child! Could you not have tasted your tea before you put it into your mouth?"

If one only wished to be happy, this could be readily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

"I wish you'd let me go to the city with you, Charlie dear," said a newly-married wife to her husband, who was on the Stock Exchange. "I should so like just for once to take a stroll with you through the money market."

"Mamma, who tore Mr. Bland's hair all out?" said little Mabel. "Hush, child, you mustn't speak of such things. Papa is bald, too, you know." "Yes, but I want to know who tore Mr. Bland's hair all out; he isn't married."

In Bridgeport, Conn., there is a woman who wagered that she would, in the event of Cleveland's election, kiss the first man she may meet in front of a certain building; and she expects to keep her word on the day specified.

In a rink at Winchester, Va., on a recent evening, a young woman who had been skating for some time stopped to have her skates tightened, when she sank to the floor and expired from what was afterwards pronounced heart disease.

"What she could," not what she could not do, not what she thought might be done, not what she would like to do, not what she would do if she had more time, not what somebody else thought she ought to do, but "what she could."

The "course of true love," traced by letters in a breach of promise suit, read in this manner: "Dear Mr. Smith," "My Dear John," "My Darling John," "My Own Darling Jack," "My Darling John," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," "Sir," and all was over.

"How dare you, sir, go about calling yourself my brother-in-law?" "I didn't. I said I wasn't your brother-in-law exactly." "What do you mean, sir? You are not my brother-in-law at all! You never married my sister." "No, but I wanted to do so."

When a servant girl is hired in Mexico it is with the stipulation that her entire family shall reside at the house of her employers. In this country the girls are less exacting, and don't object to carrying your tea, coffee, sugar, etc., several blocks to supply the wants of their parents, sisters, cousins and aunts.

"Don't sit so near the window, darling," said a spoony young bridegroom to his bride on their wedding tour; "let us try to keep the car all to ourselves. Some crank is sure to get in if he sees your pretty face." The same speaker, thirty years later: "Move up to the window, old woman, so that we may have the car to ourselves; you will frighten all the other passengers away, you know."

"How do you like the plum pudding, Alfred?" asked a young wife of her husband while they were eating the last of the Christmas puddings. "Well, it is pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you are going to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes?" "Well, yes, I did intend to say that; but—" "Well, Alfred, your mother made that very pudding and sent it to me!"

Mrs. Blank: "Here is a funny paragraph which says that a married man can be distinguished by the way in which he carries an umbrella over his wife, carefully shielding himself, and leaving her exposed to the drippings." Mr. Blank: "It is not true, though." Mrs. Blank: "No, it is not. You never do it. You were a good deal more awkward at carrying an umbrella over me before we were married than you have been since." Mr. Blank: "Ah!" Mrs. Blank: "Yes; I had several bonnets and two dresses ruined by the drippings in those days. But you have become ever so much more careful—oh, ever so much more careful!" Mr. Blank: "Yes, indeed. I have to pay for your things now."

News Notes.

Sonoma county, Cal., has nine brass bands.

There are 13,501,206 milch cows in the United States.

Eggs are quoted at ten cents a dozen in parts of Georgia.

Brigham Young's descendants now number 15,000 persons.

Birmingham, Ala, has a widow who is only 13 years of age.

The King of Siam is not yet 30 years of age, and has 93 children.

Snow fell for 45 days successively in Leadville, Col., since January 1st.

Japanese law compels people to sell fish alive. They are vended in tanks.

The newest application of electricity is for electric lining of hats to nourish the brain.

An ex-Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina is now a waiter in a Washington restaurant.

An owl attacked an eight-year-old Corinville, Me., boy a few days ago, and ruined one of his eyes.

A Galena, Ill., physician thinks he has found a sure cure for rheumatism, in geranium leaves.

Statistics are cited to show that there is one divorce for every sixteen marriages in the State of Ohio.

A canary valued at $5,000 was among the attractions of a recent bird show at Crystal Palace, London.

The largest sum ever accumulated in one body is said to be $500,000,000 now in the United States Treasury.

Of the works called for in the great library of the British Museum, less than 10 per cent. are novels.

Safes, to the number of between 500 and 600, were destroyed by a recent fire in a safe works in New York.

Patients in the Napa, Cal., asylum have been using on an average forty dollars worth of whisky monthly.

Lincoln county, Ga., will charge one thousand dollars for liquor licenses on and after the first of next October.

One day recently, according to a Southern paper, a man at Crescent City, Fla., ate forty-two oranges at one sitting.

Great Britain buys her postal card supply from Germany, the last order given the successful bidder being 150,000,000 cards.

A resident of Alexandria, Va., was awakened by a rat tapping on his face, a few nights since, and found the bed enveloped in flames.

One of the pages in the House of Representatives is a great-great-grandson of ex-President Madison; another is a grandson of ex-President Tyler.

A Georgia couple, after having made all the preparations for getting married, had to postpone the ceremony, owing to the theft of the license.

For popular rights a member of the Legislature from Shannon county, Mo., is credited with an intention to offer a bill compelling circuses to do all they advertise.

At a recent London auction a rare orchid plant was bid off at $97. The plant had seven flower spikes, the blooms being snowy white without the least shade or tint.

Mysterious noises in an Atlanta, Ga., church led to an investigation that resulted in the arrest of a tramp, who had been making the church his abode by night.

Americus, Ga., boasts of two blind colored men who make a good living at sawing wood; and a third with only one leg, who supports himself at the same business.

Mr. George Riddle, of Carroll county, Mo., is the father of twenty-two daughters—among them five sets of twins—all living and at home; and he has 400 acres of land for each.

Smallpox hospitals are being constructed of waterproof paper in Liverpool. The large buildings of the Amsterdam Agricultural Exhibition are constructed of the same material.

Street cars in Venezuela are always open ones, and are so small that they will seat only twelve persons. The conductors carry horns which they blow upon approaching street crossings.

Although the temperature on the night previous was two degrees below zero, fourteen persons were baptized by immersion in the Rock River, at Watertown, Wis., on a recent Sabbath.

On St. Michael's, one of the Azore Islands, people invariably drop the family name, each being known by entirely unlike titles. The same name are also applied to either sex indiscriminately.

The clerk in a real estate office in this city who executes the handsomest deeds that reach the City Recorder's office, writes always with a stub pen and with the head of the blank towards him, thus writing upside down.

At his own request a Georgia farmer who died recently was buried in a plain pine coffin, not even painted, and a pocket-knife that he had carried for twenty years, together with a toothpick and pocket-comb, were placed in his pockets.

The graves of the dead in Cuba are like the houses of the living, glaring white, and their only decorations are wreaths and crosses made of shells and beans. In none of the cemeteries is there the slightest glimpse of other flowers or foliage.

A fatal duel, arising from a most trivial cause, is reported from Cologne, where two officers met recently, and, after the exchange of seventeen shots, one of them was mortally wounded, expiring within an hour. The cause of the duel was that one of them put on the other's cap.

MOUTH AND CHIN.

IN most faces the mouth or the nose is the more prominent. Where the nose is the dominant feature, energy, command, and force of will power, combined (unless the mouth and eyes show great kindness) with selfishness, show themselves in the character. Where the mouth, jaw, and chin are more prominent, the appetites and passions are strong.

Broad jaws, with a broad forehead, mean both force of intellect and force of animal passion. Byron had this combination of brow and jaw, but the lips, which were full and flexible, and with upward-curving corners, redeemed the sensuality given by the jaws, and the intellectual qualities shown by the form of the brow were in excess of the indications of voluptuousness given by the lower part of the face.

A person who has the jaw much broader than the brow and head has strong passions and a weak intellect, the very worst possible combination. When the jaws are massive and yet the head and brow are more so, we have a powerful character, who can exert all his intellectual powers on one subject—one who has the very valuable faculty of concentration.

Where the jaws are much narrower than the head we have a character where the sensual instincts are feeble and where intellect is of a subtle and refined order. Wit is shown by this form of face, especially if the nose is delicately outlined, the tip pointed and somewhat drooping over the mouth.

When the lips retreat on each side of the mouth and open into an oval form with a jawbone which comes to a point at the chin, it denotes a subtle intelligence, tact, and refinement of nature. A sharp indentation immediately above the chin shows good understanding. A pointed chin is a sign of craftiness, wisdom, and discretion. A soft, fat double chin shows epicurism and love of sensual pleasures of all sorts; it also indicates an indolent temperament. We never see such chins in persons of an energetic, restless nature. A fat chin shows a cold, hard nature; a small chin indicates weakness, want of will-power, and cowardice. A retreating chin is a sign of silliness, and, if the brow is shallow, of imbecility.

Where the space between the nose and the red part of the lip is short and very sharply cut it indicates refinement and delicacy of preception, but not much power—no *force* of intellect; where this space is unusually short it denotes silliness and weakness of purpose. A rather long but not flat upper lip, especially where the serpentine line of the middle of the mouth is much defined and the middle of the lip droops to the lower lip and is very flexible, denotes an eloquent person.

We see this form of upper lip in the bust of Demosthenes, the greatest of Grecian orators; and in Cicero, whose eloquence was unsurpassed in his age.

A very long upper lip, which is flat and which belongs to a straight and formless or too thick-lipped mouth, is a sign of a low and vicious type of character. Almost all the faces of great criminals have this defect, combined with massive jaws and high cheek bones, which last defect is, both Lavater and Pernetl (a great French writer on the subject of physiognomy) tell us, a sign of rapacity.

A round chin, with a dimple in it, denotes kindliness and benevolence, a tender and unselfish nature. In a very massive double chin the dimple increases the quality of love of sensual pleasures. A square and massive chin shows strong perseverance and determined will.

An Italian writer says that "women with brown, hairy moles on the chin, especially if these excrescences are on the under part of the chin, are industrious, active, and are good housewives; they are also, he says, very sanguine and given to love follies. They talk much, and whilst they are easily excited to return a love which is offered them, they are not so readily prevailed upon to become indifferent. For this reason," he goes on, evidently speaking feelingly and probably, therefore, with personal experience of the matter, "they should be treated with circumspect, calm friendship, and kept at a distance by a mildly cool dignity of demeanor." He gives no directions as to how this effective "demeanor" is to be arrived at, but at once passes on to another remark on the subject of moles, and tells us that "a mole upon the upper lip, especially if it is bristly, will be found in no person who is not defective in something essential." This is rather a wide way of putting the matter. Are people with this blemish morally, mentally, or physically deficient? Wanting in risibleness such a mouth might be, and this, perhaps, where lips are concerned, is—"something essential."

The Test of 8 Years!

DAN. A. GROSVENOR, Esq., United States Treasury Department, First Controller's Office, Washington, D. C., took Warner's SAFE Cure in 1878, and Dec. 29th, 1884, he wrote "Warner's SAFE Cure in my case effected a permanent cure, and for five or six years I have experienced no trouble from what was a serious kidney affection."

Fifteen Years!

JNO. L. CLARK, M. D., Waterloo, N. Y., in 1881, was prostrated with Bright's Disease, crick in the back, rheumatism and malaria. From the latter he had suffered for fifteen years without help. In 1884 he says, "Warner's SAFE Cure cured me and I am sound and well." If you doubt, ask your neighbor!

SOUND, DOT AND DASH.

THE delicate instruments of a telegraph office are not indispensable to communicating by telegraph. The Morse alphabet may be read by those familiar with it by hearing, sight, taste and feeling. Its dots and dashes may be expressed by anything that will make a sounder, by a stick waved in the air, or by a light in the dark. There are some curious instances of telegraphing without key, relay or sounder.

About twenty years ago Colonel Wilson, of Chicago, then an active telegraph superintendent, was on a tour in the southern part of his State. It was a season of floods. Large portions of the country adjacent to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were inundated, and the wreckage had included the washing away of many miles of poles and wire. It became necessary to communicate with a point on the Missouri bank of the Mississippi river by telegraph. The fertile invention of Colonel Wilson directed that a locomotive be run up to the Illinois bank. Mounting the footboard he grasped the valve and soon the shrill screams of the locomotive whistle were heard by the listening operators on the other shore, whistling out Wilson's message in the long and short sounds of the alphabet familiar to them as their primers. Communication was kept up in this way for several hours.

A train on a western railroad several years ago met with a terrible accident miles from any station. Among the passengers was a young telegrapher. His ready mind took in the situation, and climbing the nearest pole it was an easy task to cut the wire, and using the two ends as a key send a message for help. To receive the reply was a more difficult task. Here again the young man's invention stood in good stead and spurred him on to an exhibition of nerve that is rarely met with. Admonishing the distant operator to send slowly, he placed the cut ends of the wire upon his tongue, and by the strength of each shock to that delicate member made out the letters until the message was complete. That young man's sense of taste was destroyed, and returned only in a weakened degree after two or three years.

A rich citizen of San Francisco owes his life to his knowledge of telegraphy acquired many years ago. Wandering over southern California as a prospector, he was captured by a band of Mexican desperadoes. They carried him to an abandoned hacienda, and with mocking cruelty set him at their table to feast, before, as they told him, they killed him. The prisoner recognized among his captors an old companion, also an operator, who had gone to the bad a little time before. The recognition was mutual, but neither dared to address the other. The captive's quick wit improvised a sounder out of his knife and fork, and while to the others he appeared playing with them his cry for assistance was read and understood by his old-time comrade. They formed in this way a plan of escape which was successfully carried out.

Another case of much the same nature occured in a Southern State, where barbarism still exists in the shape of gaols that are mere cages, open to view like the cages of the middle ages. A dissolute, wandering telegrapher was confined like a wild beast in on of these cages. He wrote his appeal for friendly intervention, using the bars as a sounder. An operator heard him, bribed the gaoler, and assisted his fellow-craftsman to liberty and a more distant locality.

The United States Government in several of its lighthouses has the lanterns arranged so as to emit long and short flashes of light, which form certain letters of the telegraphic code. This is a method of distinguishing the beacon, which is easily understood by a little practice. There happened to be an operator on board a small coasting schooner which was cast on a Florida reef in such a position that escape from the ship and aid from the shore were both out of the question during the night of the wreck. Throughout the long hours of suspense he kept up communication with another operator on shore by means of a lantern, and words of hope, of sympathy and encouragement passed back and forth until day dawned and made rescue possible.

Of a bright little girl, it is told that she recently celebrated her third birthday anniversary. The festivities of the occasion greatly delighted the soul of the wee maiden, who evidently thought a birthday was something to be kept, when once found; for when, on the following morning, she woke to find the world once more running in its every-day groves, she looked all about, and then cried out, "O, mamma, where is my birthday?"

MRS. CARRIE D. J. SWIFT, Rochester, N. Y., *for 25 years suffered from Hereditary rheumatism*, many times being utterly helpless, especially in warm weather. In July, 1883, she used a few bottles of Warner's SAFE *Rheumatic* Cure, and in January, 1885, said her restoration to health was as complete as miraculous. Cure permanent. Try it.

Permanent Security.

T. O. LEWIS, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 28, 1881, says: "I have suffered for ten years with congested kidneys, and have passed stones ranging in size from the head of a pin to a pea, which caused strangury of the neck of the bladder. The best physicians in this city said I could not recover. I used four bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, and got rid of four calculi." Writing June 23d, 1884, he says: "The cure effected in 1881 was permanent."

PANTHER AND SNAKE.

ONE evening we camped on one of the northerly branches of the Red River of the South in a bit of timber. Without waiting a minute Heme drew a fish-line and pole from its hooks under the canvas of our prairie schooner and started down the creek for a mess of fish.

Somehow he didn't seem to have his usual luck. The sun was just sinking, and Heme walked on from pool to pool, now and then dropping his line in without success, till he was about half a mile down the stream.

There, in an open space, where the grass was short but the woods thick, a few rods away he found a big dead tree that had fallen into the creek, and washed around with top down stream.

Just below this the water was deep and still, and as his hook sank into the water he felt the first blood-stirring tug of the evening. It was a catfish. Not very exciting sport, you will say, to catch a bullhead, but then the eating of them is never to be despised.

For fifteen minutes Heme was so busy that he did not notice the flight of time, but just as he felt a tug on his line for the eighth time, he became aware that something was about to happen that he had not anticipated. He said afterward that he felt just as a man does who wakes up at midnight to find himself bolt upright in bed, hearing nothing, and wondering what was the matter. The feeling was so strong that instead of landing the fish he looked slowly around. Five feet away to the left was a big panther, arching its back and rubbing his sides of its head along the grass and sniffing at him, almost, as it lashed its tail from side to side. It was playing with him cat-fashion. Meanwhile, the catfish had swallowed the hook, and was tugging away so hard that, in spite of his scare, which made his broad-brimmed hat tremble, he turned to look at the line and the bobbing cork which he always fished with.

From the agitated water about the cork his eyes fell on a six-foot rattler that was making its way over the edge of the bank of the creek from the old dead log, and was headed direct for him. From the snake he looked to the cavorting panther and then back to the ugly reptile afraid to strike with his pole lest the panther should spring on him, and afraid to stand still lest the snake should attack him as soon as it was near enough.

Somehow the movements of the panther as it trotted about, rolled over, or jumped stiff-legged into the air, proved a stronger attraction, and for a minute he watched it attentively, until the fish gave a last effort to free itself from the hook. The panther was walking away as if to leave its victim in peace, when Heme looked around and saw that the snake was passing him, headed for the timber.

Then the inspiration came which saved his life. He had the pole in his left hand. Stooping over he caught the reptile by the tail. Quick as this was done the panther saw the motion, and turning about settled for a spring as Heme whirled the snake rapidly over his head.

The panther was too late. Heme's skill with the whip enabled him to drop the rattler comfortably about the panther's neck, and the next instant it buried its fangs in the beast's tongue that showed through its open mouth.

Then Heme got frightened, and, with a yell, plunged into the creek and floundering across, ran breathlessly upstream to the camp. When he had managed to gasp out his story, the whole camp roared with laughter at the comical figure and at what seemed to be about the most unlikely yarn they had ever heard.

"See here, Mack, who primed you to tell that?" said the bartender, wiping his hands on his partly white apron.

"Primed!" said the story-teller. "It's true I've got the snake's rattle, and I'll show it to you."

He took a solid-looking valise from behind the bar, and, while fumbling for his key, said: "It took us about ten minutes to reach the spot where Heme had been fishing. The panther was still alive, but he was on his last legs. The snake was in two pieces, the panther having chawed its head off after he was bitten. I cut the rattle off, and here it is."

There were twelve of the rattles, besides the button on the end. The snake was thirteen years of age. U. N. N.

IN this country, co-operative societies have been a failure. Indeed they cannot be said to have succeeded anywhere except in England, and there only in one kind of business, to wit, in stores for distributing goods at a small advance over cost price. All attempts in the way of co-operative production—that is, in the manufacture of goods—have been almost total failures. Of course, companies and corporations have succeeded in transacting business, but we are speaking now of the co-operation of working people, so as to secure all the profits from their own labor.

IT is the belief of the Buddhists of Ceylon that if a woman believes herself properly, she will eventually become a man.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.

A Great Problem.

—Take all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*,
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,
—Take all the *Ague*, Fever, and bilious *specifics*,
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers*,
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the —*best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that —*Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all —*concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or —*combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty, and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Humphreys' Homeopathic

Specific No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

FARMING WORLD CASH PREM'S

$300,836 A CASH Premium for EVERY Subscriber. Largest.....$5,000. Smallest.....$2.

No Blanks.

1st Capital, $5,000.

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10 Special..$1,000 each
20 Extra....$600 each
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96,918 Prem's..$2 each

FARMING WORLD LONG LOANS

The **Farming World** Cash Premiums are an Outlay from advertising profits to be obtained by use of 100,000 names before advertisers; the **Farming World Loans** are investments of our own profits. Any subscriber who desires to obtain a long time four per cent. loan of from $100 to $500, interest payable annually in advance (except first year's interest which can be deducted from face of loan), should so state when subscribing, and send names of ten or twelve acquaintances of whom we can inquire as to integrity and honesty. The principal will not be called for so long as borrower keeps up interest in advance, and remains a subscriber.

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The **FARMING WORLD** Art Portfolio is a most Sumptuous Collection. "Holy Angels Guard thy Bed," "Mountain Fairy," "Lion's Bride," "Siren of the Waves," etc., etc., are ravishingly beautiful.

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NOTICE! ☞ TELEGRAPH instantly, acknowledging receipt when a Cash Premium Order for $500 or more is received. Do not telegraph when amount is less than $500.

New Publications.

"The Reigning Belle," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, just published is one of the most powerful, original and exciting novels ever issued. Every page teems with intense absorbing interest, which is maintained without a break. Though its famous and gifted author has written many superb romances, she has surpassed herself in this. The scene is laid in New York, and fashionable society is liberally drawn upon, while lowly life also comes in for its share of treatment. The plot is thrilling, intricate and managed with consummate art, the reader being kept in complete ignorance of what the end is to be until it comes. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The March *Wide Awake* opens with a charming drawing by G. F. Barnes, representing a romantic scene in an old English street; this frontispiece serves as illustration for The Stranger in the Village, a story by Mary E. Wilkins, as fragrant and simple as a pot of damask roses. Another artistic bit of simple, fresh, old English life, is the long ballad by Susan Coolidge, Little Ursel's Mothering Sunday, illustrated by Garret. In contrast there is a chapter in Yan Phou Lee's series, When I was a Boy in China; and Miss Scidmore's, In Alaska, with its sixteen photographs of glaciers, Greek Church interiors, totem-poles, Alaska women and Alaska blankets and baskets. Natural history is ably touched by Ernest Ingersoll in his pictorial paper on Wild Horses; art by Mrs. Whitman in a chapter on, Etchings; history by Edward Everett Hale in King Richard, the sixth of Boys' Heroes, and by Miss Kingsley in Miss Elizabeth Russell in her Westminster Abbey Children and by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont in her sixth Souvenir which is full of anecdote about General Jackson, and Thomas H. Benton, with portraits. To go back to story, the three serials are delightful; Craddock's, Down The Ravine; Brooks' In Leisler's Times; and Mrs. Champney's Bubbling Teapot. Mrs. Mary B. Claflin contributes a touching short story, A Real Happening: Jane Andrews gives the sequel to, Our Venture, Mrs. Apponyi tells the third California story, How Walter Found His Father, and Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs writes the dainty true tale of, Ward Five's Bird's Nest. There are many other artistic features of pen, jingle, picture and article. Wide Awake is $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

The Century Magazine has issued a large sheet containing splendidly executed portraits of the leading generals on both sides during the late war, as an accompaniment of the series of war articles now appearing in its pages.

Parodies is an English monthly publication devoted exclusively to that class of literature expressed in its title. It includes the best of both English and American authors. The January number contains quite a number of very interesting parodies on Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Holmes and others. The contents are collected and annotated by Walter Hamilton, F. R. G. S. As parodies are recognized as having an historical, and anecdotal value, besides possessing entertaining qualities 'Parodies' is doing a good work in rescuing these productions from oblivion. Reeves & Turner 196 Strand, London, Eng. Publishers.

"The Agricultural Crisis in England," is very ably and clearly discussed in an article by William E. Bear, editor of the Mark Lane Express, in the *North American Review* for April. In the same number, Charles Dudley Warner presents an interesting Study of Prison Management, while Robert Buchanan, the English poet, discusses Free Thought in America, T. V. Powderly, The Army of the Discontented, and Prof. Hunt, How to Reform English Spelling. The other articles are: The Law's Delay, by Chief-Justice Thomas F. Hargis, and Characteristics of Persian Poetry, by A. R. Spofford. But what will probably attract the most immediate attention in this number is the new department of Comments, consisting of brief criticisms of articles that have appeared in the Review. Murat Halstead's political article in the March number is here discussed by three writers—a Democrat, a straight Republican, and an Independent Republican. Richard H. Stoddard comments with a good deal of feeling on Max Muller's Buddhist Charity, and other correspondents take this pleasant opportunity to offer a single thought where an extended article would, perhaps, find neither room nor readers. The North American Review, New York.

POISON IVY.—If any person who is liable to poison with poison ivy will take pure olive oil after being exposed to it he will feel no bad effects, and the oil will neutralize the evils of the poison if a few doses be taken even after the poison has broken out.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"PNEUMONIA."

Why Not Call It by Its Right Name?

(New York Telegram.)

Many a strong well-built man leaves home to-day, before night he will have a chill, and in a few hours he will be dead! This is the way the dreaded pneumonia takes people off. The list of notable men who are victims is appalling!

Dr. Damrosch, the famous musician, is seized by a chill while conducting rehearsal; next day his physicians tell us he is *doing well*. Next day he is dead!

The Rev. J. E. Latimer, D. D., S. T. D., dean of Boston university theological school, preaches eloquently one morning, has a slight chilliness thereafter, feels unwell for a few days, and unexpectedly dies! A gentleman in Albany goes to his physician one morning stating that he feels strangely uncomfortable, is examined, advised at once to settle up his affairs, does so and dies before night!

Everyone dreads this prevalent disorder. Its coming is sudden, its termination usually speedy.

What causes the terrible scourge?

It is not "in the air,"—infectious or contagious. It results from exposure, changes of weather, prevails more among men than women, more among the apparently healthy than among the feeble.

Pneumonia, we are told, is invited by a certain condition of the system, indicated if one has occasional chills and fevers, a tendency to colds in the throat and lungs, rheumatic and neuralgic pains, extreme tired feelings, short breath and pleuritic stitches in the side, loss of appetite, backache, nervous unrest, scalding sensations, or scant and discolored fluids, heart flutterings, sour stomach, distressed look, puffy eye-sacs, hot and dry skin, loss of strength and virility. These indications may not appear together, they may come, disappear and reappear for years, the person not realizing that they are nature's warnings of a coming calamity.

In other words, if pneumonia does not claim as a victim the persons having such symptoms, some less pronounced but more fatal malady certainly will.

A celebrated New York physician told the *Tribune*, a year ago, that pneumonia was a secondary disorder, the exposure and cold being simply the agent which develops the disease, already dormant in the system, because the kidneys have been but partially doing their duty. In short, pneumonia is but an early indication of a bright's diseased condition. This impaired action may exist for years without the patient suspecting it because no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity and often it can be detected only by chemical and microscopical examinations.

Nearly 150 of the 740 deaths in New York city the first week in March and in six weeks 781 deaths were caused by pneumonia!

The disease is very obstinate, and if the accompanying kidney disorder is very far advanced, recovery is impossible, for the kidneys give out entirely, and the patient is literally suffocated by water.

The only safeguard against pneumonia is to maintain a vigorous condition of the system, and thus prevent its attacks, by using whatever will radically and effectually restore full vitality to the kidneys, for if they are not sound, pneumonia cannot be prevented. For this purpose, there is nothing equal to Warner's safe cure, a remedy known to millions, used probably by hundreds of thousands and commended as a standard specific wherever known and used. It does not pretend to cure an attack of pneumonia, but it does and can remove the cause of and prevent that disease if taken in time. No reasonable man can doubt this if he regards the personal experience of thousands of honorable men worthy his favor.

When a physician says his patient has either bright's disease or pneumonia, he confesses his inability to cure, and in a measure he considers his responsibility ended. In many instances, indeed, persons are reported as dying of pneumonia, heart disease, apoplexy and convulsions, when the real cause of death and so known by physician is this kidney consumption. Thousands of people have it without knowing it and perish of it because their physicians will not tell them the facts! The same fate awaits every one who will not exercise his judgment in such a matter and be true to himself, his family and to society.

SLEEP.—The ethics of good sleep should form a part of household morality. It is hardly an extravagant assertion that comparatively few people, after childhood has passed, know by experience what perfect sleep is, and satisfy themselves with a poor apology for this most perfect refreshment. Rising tired and weary from a disturbed imperfect sleep, they proceed to summon up lost energies by strong tea or coffee, which in its turn again interferes with perfect rest at night; and this process of life, more than any mental or physical labor, wears women out and makes them prematurely old. "I have been reading myself to sleep after retiring," said a lady the other day; "and when I have done this for two or three months I can see that I look five years older." It is an experience that any woman can verify, and conversely, she can see that sleeping in a perfectly dark and well-ventilated room brings back the contour and the roses of childhood or early youth.

A PHYSICIAN of Monroe county, Ga., shows a potato through which a blade of grass has grown.

HOW?

How can a man on a dollar a day
Charter a seat at a popular play,
And purchase cigars and tobacco, pray?
He can't.

How can he sport an elegant tile,
Ask his dear friends to step out for a "smile,"
And stable a 2.38 an smile?
He can't.

How can he frolic with better-fed friends,
When in cold perspiration he's at his wits' ends
If his washwoman after her half-dollar sends?
He can't.

How can he bear to be called "a poor cad?"
How can he dress in a big fancy plaid?
His credit won't keep—it is "flagrantly" bad.
He can't.

How buy perfumery—handkerchiefs too,
The edges all stamped with a red kangaroo,
And change linen cuffs every Sunday or two?
He can't.

How can he go out to ride with his "mash"
When he hasn't the requis to cold-blooded cash?
Why, *that* is his reason for not being rash—
He can't.

How can he claim his dear girl's slender hand,
And circle her finger with glittering band,
When his check-book's so weak it scarcely can stand?
He can't.

How can he marry and furnish a wife
With the many small comforts which sweeten this life?
We must state the cold truth, though it cuts like a knife—
He can't.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

Use me well and I'm everybody, scratch my back and I'm nobody—A Looking-glass.

A little three year old, admiring her baby brother, exclaimed, "He's got a boiled head, like papa."

How to raise mustaches—Stir up the ash barrel on a windy day and the mustard-ashes are sure to come out.

Roller skating rinks are excellent things to promote a feeling of sociability. Everybody seems to be thrown together there.

The rain falls not alike on the just and unjust, for the simple reason that the unjust usually has the umbrella belonging to the just.

Some people imagine that because a man is a plumber, he is necessarily a swindler. This is all wrong and is not true. A plumber may be perfectly honest—before he learns the business.

The hoop snake, which takes its tail in its mouth and so trundles over the ground, is, to say the least, regardless of dress and its appropriateness. His walking-suit consists of a swallow-tail.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

AGENTS WANTED

A PICNIC for Agents, Costing us $4000
Agents wanted everywhere for our new patent French rubber appliances for ladies; and other new sanitary and hygienic undergarments for ladies and children. Success sure; entirely new. To the first 1000 Agents we offer 1,000 $4.00 outfits entirely **FREE.** Address at once, with 4c. stamp, Sanitary Appliance Co., 110 Clybourne Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.

CANVASSERS wanted for a book just out. Send name on postal.
R. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 523, St. Louis, Mo.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The person telling us the middle chapter of the Bible before May 1st will receive a Silver Plated Cake Basket. If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive a Silver Plated Castor. The third a Pickle Stand. Each person competing must send 25 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive printed directions by which they can make from $10 to $20 a week in their own town. This will not appear again. Address W. D. Williams, Pittsfield, Mass.

LADIES A RARE BOOK, just out. How to Develop the Bust and form." Full explanation. The only method. Mailed sealed for 20c. Address P. O. Drawer 179, Buffalo, N. Y.

CARDS 50 Different Styles with your name engraved, 10 cts. A Cloth and Gilt bound Agents' Book of 200 costly styles, 25 cts. No free samples. Card Co., Wallingford, Conn. *This Company does not deal in trash.*

MEN ONLY. A quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness. No quackery. Indisputable Proofs. Book by mail, sealed, 10 cents, unsealed, FREE. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Free TRIAL. Send for NERVITA a potable cure for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, from any cause. Treat. pa'kage mailed for 12 cts to pay postage etc. Dr. A. G. DAIN, Box 2062, CHICAGO, ILL.

40 CARDS, all covered name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 30c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

90 WHITE ROSE PERFUMED CHROMO CARDS, (new) assor'd Scrap Pictures and Transparent Cards, name on, 10c. Acme Card Co., Ivoryton, Conn.

156 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10c. Capital Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

ROBUST HEALTH

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

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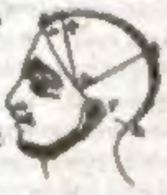

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

LADIES PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. *Sealed particulars 2 cts.*
Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap 50c colored pack) 3 packs and this Rolled Gold Seal Ring to 50c. Agts.' Album, 25c. **Ailing Bros. Northford, Ct.**

40 Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chromo Cards, same in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit all for 15c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 180 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for self-cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

WANTED—LADIES OR GENTLEMEN to take light, pleasant work at their own homes (distance no objection) Work sent by mail. $2 to $5 a day can be quietly made. No canvassing. Please address Globe Manuf'g Co., Boston, Mass., Box 5314.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

TRACES of eccentricity, which are rapidly vanishing from all other articles of attire, may still occasionally be found either in the shape or in the mode of trimming chapeaux. Nearly all capotes are open at the back to show the hair, and the majority have the open brim raised in a peak in front, the opening being filled in with a bow of ribbon velvet, or with large flowers in delicate shades, such as tea roses, nasturtiums, etc. Many chapeaux for demi-saison wear are made of material, either velvet or cloth, matching the costume; a small capote, with the brim resting on the head and covered with a velvet bouillonne, is entirely covered with velvet, pleated in very fine pleats all ending in the centre of the crown, where the division forms a line extending from the brim in front to the top of the opening at the back. The velvet strings are carried round the opening, and the only ornament is a lofty rosette bow of narrow ribbon velvet in a different color, placed in front just above the brim.

Dinner dresses are very handsome, and chiefly made of velvet, brocbe, embroidered silk, and plush; this last material is an especial favorite. The bodices are made in all ways: some have points in front with polonaise backs, the draping of this forming puffs at the back; others have long points front and back, in the Anne of Austria style, and are cut square in front; ladies with slender waists adopt wide sashes carelessly tied round the short-waisted bodices. Short jackets opening over a waistcoat, bodices with plastrons, with sheaf, pleats, or buttoned diagonally from the shoulder to the waist, are all worn.

The round skirts we mentioned are still very widely adopted, but cannot be styled as well worn, they are made in long gathered folds from the waist, and wholly divested of tunic or scarf to relieve the curved lines at the hips. For some they are much too severe, for others too obviously plain; it is only the beauty of "fresh-budding youth" they invest with a charm quite their own. The fancy for street gowns of self colored stuffs has for some reason quickly died out, and stripes, spots, or patterns of various kinds are employed for the smartest costumes. The skirt when so made is not further adorned, but hangs plain and straight all its length. Then why is its cost not greatly reduced in proportion to quantity used? The question is easily answered, for while it is true that the measure absorbed is neither excessive nor great, the expense of the fabric so sparingly used has slowly but surely increased. Economy, therefore, is not to be named as pertaining to "simple" costumes, except in the case of a dress made at home, when the price of the work does not count. Garments so fashioned do sometimes appear as if turned out by a professional hand, thanks to the great care bestowed on the fit, the sewing, the finish, and style. Those who have studied the art of self-measurement, and are further provided with one of the dummy dress stands, are well on the road to success. Such need not fear that their gowns will proclaim their "homely" creation abroad.

There are two kinds of skirts seen for walking costumes, both of which are now equally worn: first the folds falling loose on the jupon beneath, then the tunic and underskirt joined. The former, perhaps, is most easily made, and in woolen stuffs hangs with much grace; but the latter is chosen for figured materials, terry-stamped velvet, or plush. The brocades form the front of the skirts and the sides to the width of three breadths; while the back is of woolen or silk, plain, or else striped with finest hair lines, so small they can scarce be discerned. The handsome material is smoothly attached to the lining foundation it covers, with merely a hem at the edge of the skirt, and a box-plaited frill placed below. At the back there are several widths of plain silk, or of soft woollen stuff if preferred; and these form either broad plain or close-gathered folds from the waist-band the length of the skirt. The effect of a dress now so greatly depends on the drapery viewed from behind, that this portion alone gives the true *coup de maitre*, or, when ill-devised, quite the reverse. The sides of these breadths are also sewn to the lining foundation beneath, and they may be trimmed with revers of brocade, running panel-wise down from the waist. For instance, a plain front of velvet brocade, nut-brown figured with gold, has very wide back breadths of fawn-colored silk, striped with satin lines shaded in tones. At the side of the skirt are long narrow revers, the inner edge cut in sharp points, each finished with tassels of brown and gold beads, mixed with small covered balls of silk thread. The bodice is velvet, with full-plaited vest and pouf of fawn silk round the basque; it is joined at the waist by a brown velvet band with a buckle of brown and gold beads. The upper part of the vest is covered by festoons of silk balls and tassels of beads, and the sleeves, which are cut up the front of the arm, are fastened with cordons to match. This description will best point the fashionable mode of employing these beautiful stuffs, though, of course, there are many ways equally good, which can all of them claim to be new.

As a change to the plain untrimmed skirt (or should we not call it a *front*?) they are sometimes cut up in long deuts at the edge, and bordered all round with silk lace. We name one of plush of a dullish red brown—a rarely seen, very quaint shade—which was treated in this way with novel effect, trimmed with full-gathered frills of French lace. Under the points was a satin kilting, of which the tunic and back breadths were made. The satin was "mottled," not watered, with patterns of woven silk thread; a pale shade on darker red-brown and *motifs* of color in red, blue, and gold appeared placed in serpentine lines. The tunic was only a short satin scarf in diagonal folds to one side, each fold fastened with large bead-worked buttons; it was high on the hips at the other side, and finished with tri-colored bows. The drapery fell at the back in the way we have lately described, and the edges were stitched to the sides of the skirt, of which it thus seemed to form part. The back of the bodice was red brown velvet, the front of brocaded satin, made like a stomacher shaped from the bust, with a sharp pointed basque at the waist. This was framed on each side by a frilling of lace, there was also a fraise at the throat, and rows of small buttons formed a V on the chest, where they joined in a straight single line. The sleeves were of velvet and silk, half and half, long and tight to the wrist; on the outside were buttons placed closely together; the cuffs were of lace with small bows.

Black lace bodices, high to the throat, are worn over low ones of silk. The fashion reminds us of "long, long ago," but is none the less good for that. The corsage is round on the shoulders, and also has sleeves *pur et simple*; not the narrow flat straps which, far from improving, disfigures a well-moulded arm. The color selected for bodice and skirt is, of course, some pretty bright shade, that the lace may show up on the skirt it adorns, and the pattern be plainly displayed. A dress of this sort is always in vogue; most useful and very becoming. Many a change may be wrought in the trimmings, and fresh effects rendered at will. A toilette of satin or silk Merveilleux, which time and hard wear have impaired, can be unpicked, remodelled, and turned out as new when covered with black or cream lace; the latter on yellow is very *distingue*, and black looks quite charming on green of the chartreuse or pale sea-green tints. Large velvet flowers or bunches of ribbon loops are worn on the lace of these gowns, and a thick frayed-out ruche is frequently seen on the edge of the full gathered skirt. Feathers are also a favorite trimming, tied up with ribbons in sheaves. When they contrast with the color selected, the ribbons accord with the skirt.

Young girls' ball toilettes are simple and light, made of clouds of tulle, either sprinkled with gold, or dotted with daisies, rose-buds, ferns or petals of flowers sewn on the tunics of pale-colored filmy tulle. Skirts are be-ribboned to any extent, either running in rows straight down from the waist or scalloping out lines on the front. The basques of the bodices often have loops sewn in closely placed groups at the edge—three fixed together, the middle one short, in a novel and stylish arrangement. The daintiest of velvets compose the low-cut bodices, and pale tints of the same shade as the skirts are at the present moment as fashionably adopted as darker or contrasting ones were not long ago. A ball gown of pale turquoise tulle was embroidered with small silver hearts. At the point of each was a loop of cut beads, which produced a sparkling effect.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO USE FANCY CARDS.

YEAR after year, in spite of rumors to the contrary, Fancy Cards continue to circulate at the various festivals of Easter, St. Valentine's, New Year's and Christmas; and year after year, with the same regularity, arises the problem to be solved, "What shall we do with them?" When they first came into fashion, the best plan, certainly, was to fasten them into scrap-books; but it was soon found that there was a limit to this mode of disposing of them. Now-a-days a careful selection is made, and only the best and most artistic are preserved in this manner. Excellent and most acceptable picture-books for children's hospitals are made of sheets of calico or brown holland, covered with pictures. These are made much more attractive if a number of colored scraps or cards are mixed in with the black and white ones. The cover of the scrap book will also look very gay and bright if it is ornamented with a good large group of cards, so arranged as to overlap one another so as only to show the pictorial centres.

For children, a good way of arranging cards is to take a long strip of muslin the width of the cards, measured lengthwise, and long enough to take about eight cards. The cards should be all of the same size, and should be pasted to the muslin side by side about half an inch apart. When this is done, turn the strip over and paste cards at the back of the others on the reverse side. Lay it flat on the floor to dry between sheets of newspaper, and pile heavy books on the top of it to press it flat. When quite dry, the strip should be folded up by means of the muslin hinges left between the cards, and either fastened into a stiff cover or enclosed in a cardboard box. Children cannot very easily destroy these sheets of pictures, and they form favorite playthings, as they will readily stand up on the table or floor, and being, as it were jointed, can be bent about into all sorts of buildings as they stand, according to the will of the small owner.

Fancy cards are invaluable for decorating cardboard boxes to hold small presents. Four at least may be used on one box, by sticking one at the top and bottom, one inside the lid, and one at the bottom of the box inside. If the box is a large one, cards may often be found to fit the sides of it and so on, until it is at last entirely covered with them. Now that some of the cards are of such huge proportions, they may be used to form the cover of a blotting-book. Two stiff pieces of cardboard are required the size of the blotting-case, and they should be fastened together by a piece of tape or ribbon to serve as a hinge. They should next be carefully lined with a thin piece of silk, first making pockets in it if required. The silk should be turned over at the edges, and fastened down on the reverse side of the cardboard with strong gum. The inside part of the silk should on no account be touched with the gum, as it is so apt to leave a stain.

When the work has reached this stage and the gum is dry, the cards should be firmly fastened to the outside of the blotting-case, and will thus hide the raw edges of the silk. When they in their turn are dry the edges should be finished off with a beading of gold paper. When this is done, a piece of elastic should be sewn inside at the top and bottom of the hinge, to hold the blotting-paper, and the result will be a very neat, tidy, little writing-case, with the great merit of having scarcely cost anything beyond the mere expenditure of time and patience. Note-books and needle-books may also be made on the same principle.

A card that is particularly good in design and tint may be mounted on a tiny plush easel very easily. It is not difficult to cut out in firm cardboard a miniature easel, and to cover it with gold paper. A strong piece, of a straight shape, should be fastened with a little hinge of linen to the easel, to act as a support, and to enable it to stand on a table. The card should be fastened into the centre of the easel. If large enough, the easel of course looks more important if it is covered with plush instead of paper; but in this case it should be cut out of thin wood, as the cardboard would not be strong enough to bear the extra weight of the plush. Anyone possessing a fretsaw will have no difficulty in doing this.

Three cards may be mounted in triptych fashion if they are of the same size and of similar designs. They require a little hinge formed of stiff paper or linen like those before mentioned, and the centre card should have a piece of cardboard fastened to it with a hinge at the top. Some ornamentation must be affixed to the backs of the cards, or they will not look either tidy or pretty when the little stand is folded up. Instead of three cards, five may be mounted in the same way, and should be arranged (as when three are used) to look pretty when either open or shut. This may be managed by pasting a second card at the backs of some of the others. This is a very good way of using up cards that are bought in cheap packets, and are all about alike in size and shape.

Where there are children in a house there is usually no difficulty in using up cards of all sorts and sizes. If the panels of a nursery, or a cupboard door are filled in with cards, they give endless delight to the little ones. The cards should be so cut-in and dovetailed together that a large number may be squeezed into even the small space afforded by the panels of a door. When firmly fastened on, a light coat of varnish greatly improves the appearance of the cards, besides making them far more durable. Large cards look very pretty, hanging on the walls of a nursery or bedroom, especially if they are put into a small frame. During the present and past season the shops have displayed a number of most wonderfully cheap gilt frames, containing certainly the crudest of crude chromos, surrounded by a gilt mount. These chromos prevent the frames from being used in any house whose inmates have any idea of art-side worth; but the frames are worth buying for their own sakes, and the objectionable chromos are easily taken out and replaced by better pictures.

SELFISHNESS in any form is death. To live beyond self is true life, the true immortality of the individual.

Correspondence.

J. C.—You should be more careful the next time.

TANTUM.—The only thing you can do is to consult a good lawyer, who makes a specialty of titles to real estate.

HOMME.—For a list of "all the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology," consult any good classical dictionary.

TELEGRAPH.—It would take you at least a year to learn it properly. The pay ranges from fifty to one hundred dollars per month.

C. C.—No printed books are needed to learn drawing. Buy the drawing-books used in the public schools: practice straight lines and curves; copy from drawings and simple objects. After this you can study perspective with the aid of a book.

X. X.—The best thing for a young lady to do when she "becomes interested in a young gentleman" is to keep quiet, and let things take their course. She should behave with ladylike cordiality towards him, but nothing more, until *he* asks her to become his wife.

JOEY.—What is the use of resorting to finesse and stratagem for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the lady has forgotten you, or to let her know that you still remember her and deeply feel her fickleness and neglect? Why not call on her in a frank off-hand manner, and "take the chances!"

POST.—The session of Congress expires at noon of the 4th of March, and as the last minutes of the session are crowded with business, and it is often desirable that a bill should be signed which there is not time to sign, it is customary to turn back the hands of the clock in the Senate chamber ten or fifteen minutes so as to gain time.

A. Y.—For practical purposes "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," especially a little knowledge of law. "Take a full course" or let it alone. If you merely wish to study for general information, there is nothing better than Blackstone's Commentaries. Kent's Commentaries is an American work and is much more extensive in its scope, but is not quite as rudimentary.

H. M. C.—Stained glass for windows is made by putting various minerals in the glass when being melted. These minerals fuse and permeate the mass giving it its particular hue. There are other ways of giving the color, but this is the oldest and best. Imitation "stained-glass" is merely oiled paper of different colors, that is pasted in patterns over common glass. That part of your question relating to Albert Durer we do not understand.

BLUE-BEARD.—The story of Blue-beard does not hail from the East. There is a good deal of difference of opinion as to the original of the cruel despot. Some say it is a satire on Henry VIII.; others hold it to be a type of the castle lords in the days of knight-errantry. Holinshed calls Gilles de Retz, Marquis de Laval, the original Blue-beard. This Giles, or Gilles, who lived in Brittany, was accused of murdering six of his seven wives, and was strangled and burnt in 1440.

J. JOHNS.—We suppose the soreness your horse's back arise from the rubbing of the harness. First of all clean the abraded surface, and then apply a solution of sulphate of zinc, one part to twenty-four. Fomentations should be avoided, for they only render the skin unduly sensitive to future injury; and when they are really wanted it is time to call in a veterinary surgeon. The sores having healed, be careful to make the alterations in the harness which will prevent their recurrence. In some instances it is desirable to hollow out the portion over the affected part.

L. McG.—The expression was "slangy" and while objectionable on this ground, its use does not stamp the going man as an unworthy character. There is nothing in the words or idea that might not be said, and is said in other forms, throughout all classes of respectable society every day. If you are to avoid all people who may chance to occasionally indulge in a "slang" word, you would have a very slender acquaintance. "Slang" generally is put about on a par with bad grammar. When it goes beyond this it ceases to be "slang" and becomes obscenity or worse.

G. J. C.—We have no doubt at all that such continual work by gaslight must in the course of time impair your eyesight. If your general health is exceptionally hearty, you may perhaps long escape; but in the end evil must necessarily result from such unnatural conditions as those you mention. The use of blue spectacles would very probably prove advantageous; but any other kind of glasses would only tend to increase the evil. If at any time you find your eyesight beginning to trouble you, try the effect of plunging the face in cold water and opening the eyes under the surface.

TWO READERS.—Venus is a planet which rises and sets at a different hour every day; and during the period of full sunlight she is rendered invisible by the strength of the sun's rays. Sometimes she rises in the morning, too late to be then visible; sometimes she sets in the evening, too early to be distinctly seen. When her time of rising is such that she can be observed just before daybreak, she is said to be a morning star—when it is such that she can be descried at or about sunset, she is said to be an evening one. You will find the particular hours of her rising and setting for each day fully given in the calendar at the beginning of any good almanac, and you will also find in the same work lists of morning and evening stars throughout each month of the current year. A list of positions of Venus for every day in the whole twelvemonth would make far too formidable a table for insertion here.

LAMBERT.—The chief thing in reducing your weight is to avoid fat-forming foods—such as bread, butter, sugar, beer, and potatoes—eating as freely as you like, within moderation, of other kinds of food. Unless you do this, you will not achieve your end by mere exercise, which will give you muscular vigor, but will induce an appetite which you will be compelled to satisfy. The testimony of the late Mr. Banting of England, the author of the famous "Letter on Corpulence," is decisive as to this. At one time he took a course of ninety Turkish baths without losing more than six pounds in weight. "I have tried sea-air and bathing in various localities," he wrote, "with much walking exercise; physic and liquor potasse advisedly and abundantly; riding on horseback * * have lived upon a shilling a day, so to speak, and earned it" by bodily labor. It was all, however, to no purpose, and he lost no flesh until he paid the attention to his diet which we have recommended, when his weight was diminished by thirty-five pounds in thirty-five weeks.